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MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. COGHLAN,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE MAJOR MONCRIEFFE:

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

PRIVATELY REPRINTED.

NEW-YORK:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Memoirs were publiſhed in London in 1794. In February, 1795, Meſſrs. T. & J. Swords, of this city, republiſhed them, adding a Preface, and ſome remarks from a publication entitled "The Female Jockey Club."

The New-York edition is now very rare, and moſt of the copies known to us are without the preface and remarks.

The following edition has been printed from the author's copy, and, for the convenience of thoſe perſons poſſeſſing the New-York edition above mentioned, the preface and remarks have been reprinted.

NEW-YORK, *November* 10, 1864.

PREFACE,

By the Editor of the New-York Edition.

EVERY heart of ſenſibility muſt not only be intereſted in the welfare of the author of the following Memoirs, but muſt be conſiderably affected on a peruſal of them, as they pourtray a mind naturally ſocial, amiable and virtuous, ſtruggling againſt misfortunes originating from the abſurd practice of obliging children to ſacrifice affection, and conſequently happineſs, to ſordid pelf, or, what is of infinite leſs value, a titled name. The author's ſentiments on this ſubject, which have been powerfully impreſſed by woeful experience; her reflections on the inhuman ſufferings of unfortunate debtors in priſon, which

which may perhaps, in many inſtances, be too applicable to her native country; her expoſition of the iniquitous practice of law in England, the juriſprudence of which country America ſervilely copies, convince the editor of the utility of a republication of the work in this country. It is to be hoped that the circumſtance of her unfortunate marriage will have its due weight, and that thoſe who exerciſe criticiſm will not be too ſevere upon her conduct, but will generouſly be to her faults a little blind. Her friends will undoubtedly deſpiſe the weak prejudices of vulgar minds, ſo far as reſpects their connection or alliance with the author. The public advantage has ſuperſeded every other conſideration with the editor, and he ſhall exceedingly regret incurring the diſpleaſure of any by republiſhing theſe Memoirs.

NEW-YORK, *February*, 1795.

The following encomiums on the author of theſe Memoirs have appeared in the "Female Jockey Club," which the publiſher of this American edition inſerts as a tribute of praiſe juſtly due to that nobleneſs of ſoul ſo conſpicuous in the writer :—

MRS. COGHLAN.

We have not the leaſt acquaintance with this lady, therefore are ignorant how far her rank entitles her to be admitted into that ſociety of grandees who compoſe the "Female Jockey Club ;" but as literary merit, in the opinion of Lady Lucan, our ſupreme arbiter of etiquette, forms an exception to the general rule, and yields a right of admiſſion into the grandeſt circles, we have not heſitated to introduce her ; and we will venture boldly to pronounce, if her ſoul really breathe the ſentiments contained in the Memoirs ſhe has publiſhed, that ſhe poſſeſſes

titles

titles far ſuperior to any which all the kings in the world have it in their power to beſtow; although, at the ſame time, we are ready to confeſs, that it is not by promulgating ſimilar doctrines ſhe is to expect that his Majeſty will ever make a LADY of her; nor do we believe that they will procure her a paſſport to the favour and protection ſhe appears ſo very much to want. We therefore recommend patience under preſent adverſity, and ſincerely wiſh a ſpeedy period to all her afflictions.

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. COGHLAN,

(*Daughter of the late Major Moncrieffe,*)

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

Dedicated to the Britiſh Nation;

BEING INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

AMERICAN AND PRESENT FRENCH WAR,

WITH REMARKS MORAL AND POLITICAL.

" And what is friendſhip but a name,
" A charm that lulls to ſleep—
" A ſhade that follows wealth and fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep?"— GOLDSM.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,
And SOLD by C. and G. KEARSLEY, Fleet-ſtreet.

MD.CC.XCIV.

NAMES

OF THE

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

IN THESE

MEMOIRS.

HIS Majeſty,
Louis the XVIth,
Duc d'Orleans,
Comte d'Artois,
Monſieur,
Duc de Montmorenci,
Duc de Pienne,
Marquis de Sillery,
Marquis de Genlis,
Monſieur de Lomprey,
Duc de Fitzjames,
Monſieur Parquet, premier Preſident of the Parliament of Paris,
Monſieur de Croſne,
Madame Grey, Superior of the Dominican Convent at Calais,

Madame

Madame Smith,
Madame Lafar,
His Royal Highneſs the Duke of ——,
His Grace the Duke of Leinſter,
Lord Charlemont,
Mr. Grattan,
The Honourable Mr. Fox,
Lord Lauderdale,
Lord Cornwallis,
General Monckton,
General Cornwallis,
General Montgomery,
General Waſhington,
General Putnam,
General Mifflin,
General Knox,
Sir William Howe,
Lord Howe,
Lord Amherſt,
General Gage,
Lord Gage,
Lord Lincoln,
The late Duke of Bolton,
Lord Delawar,
Colonel Etherington,
Major Montreſor,
Colonel Small,
Honourable Colonel Grey,
Colonel Banker,
Judge Livingſton,

Mr.

Mr. William Livingſton,
Colonel Webb,
Duke of Q———y,
Mr. Frederick Jay,
Major Moncrieffe,
Edward Cornwallis Moncriffe,
Alderman Moncrieffe,
Colonel Moncrieffe,
Governor Heron,
Mr. Vining,
Mr. Fazakerley,
Mr. Giffard, of Chillington,
Mr. Coghlan,
Mr. Walker, late Marſhal of the King's Bench,
Mr. Jones, the preſent Marſhal,
Mr. Robert Knight,
Mr. Beckett,
Colonel Freemantle,
General Sheriff,
Colonel Kemble,
Prince Louis d'Aremberg,
Lord Hervey,
Mr. B******,
Sir Charles Gould,
Mr. Chambers, Furnival's Inn,
Mr. ———, Ely Place,
Duke of Northumberland,
Honourable Mrs. Gage,
Mrs. Montreſor,
Mrs. Putnam,

Mrs.

Mrs. Waſhington,
Sir William Scott,
Lady Blake,
Mr. M—g—y,
Mr. Erſkine,
Lord E————,
General D*******,
Sir Robert Harland, Bart.,
Marquis de Bouille.

PREFACE.

AMIDST the tempeſt that now rages in the political world, the cabals of faction and the terrors of revolution, the private ſorrows of an individual paſs unregarded. The moſt ſplendid contributions are raiſed for ſupport of foreign refugees; loans and benevolences, to an amazing extent, are piouſly, if not conſtitutionally, furniſhed, to ſupply the wants of our ſuffering troops; and all the paſſions inherent in the human breaſt are awakened and ſet in motion, to give a pompous diſplay to the humility and meakneſs of tender-hearted Charity.

We read of titled individuals beſtowing hundreds

dreds in behalf of emigrant Popiſh Prieſts, while ONE SOLITARY GUINEA is prefixed to the ſame names in ſupport of their own countrymen, poor, induſtrious, famiſhed manufacturers ! *

Our ſtreets ſwarm with beggars: our looms are deſerted ;—Poverty every where raiſes her haggard mien amongſt us; at the ſame time that national treaſures are indiſcriminately laviſhed with profuſion upon foreigners, and expended in the further proſecution of a moſt diſaſtrous war; whereby the fund of wretchedneſs is daily augmented ; and the ſpectacles of miſery that torture the ſight in all our ſtreets proclaim the fatal conſequences it has already produced, and the abſolute neceſſity of putting a period to the evil.

The baneful effects attending this calamity fall principally on the poor and induſtrious claſſes of ſociety ; they extend themſelves even unto myſelf:

* A ſubſcription now on foot for the benefit of the Spitalfields weavers.

ſelf: the luxuries of the great will eaſily admit of curtailment, but the wants of the poor call aloud for redreſs. Yet, as the former find themſelves in ſome meaſure called on to reduce the number of their ſuperfluities from the many claims which the exigency of public affairs has upon them, ſo are they leſs diſposed to follow the dictates of Charity in relieving the pangs of domeſtic woe.

There exiſts another deſcription of the great, who thrive on the misfortunes which the preſent ſystem creates, without directing a thought to their alleviation: I allude to the vaſt additional number of contractors, commiſſaries, penſioners, and human locuſts of every kind, preying on the decayed vitals of their country. Theſe men drain immenſe fortunes from the increaſe of public burthens, and in every new tax, originates a new place, whereby the ſcale of influence is alarmingly increaſed.

Hence princes and their miniſters are apt to delight

delight in war: it furniſhes them with a pretext for adding to their military eſtabliſhments: the ſplendor of the throne ſhines brighter, and they conceive that they enjoy a more perfect ſtate of ſecurity, from the immenſe armies they retain in their pay.

Wretched, however, is the prince who reſts his hope on ſuch foundation: the NORTHERN DESPOTS of Europe can have no other baſis than military force, on which to depend for the preſervation of their tyranny; but the KING of a FREE country ſhould look to other principles: he ſhould depend for the preſervation of HIS power on the peace, happineſs, choice, and affections of an united people.

While the bulk of a nation is diſtreſſed, a virtuous prince can never enjoy a moment's content; he cannot depart from his threſhold, that he does not meet ſome object of calamity, to ſtrew thorns in his way. He muſt reflect on the enormous

ſalary

ſalary that he himſelf receives, the magnificence and waſte by which he is ſurrounded, while ſo many forlorn wretches are periſhing through want of the ſmalleſt part of thoſe ſuperfluities daily conſumed within his own palace.

The writer of the following ſheets, nurſed in the lap of tendereſt Indulgence, ſprung from a father whoſe attachment to A KING even ſuperſeded the duties he owed to HIS COUNTRY: ſhe who once baſked in the ſunſhine of Fortune has lately herſelf ſtruggled with all the miſeries ſhe has endeavoured to deſcribe.

Affliction cuts the deeper from a recollection of former enjoyments: the memory of paſt joys ſharpens the ſenſe of her preſent ſufferings: ſhe once little dreamed of thoſe ſcenes of horror through which ſhe has paſſed; ſhe little anticipated, that whenever ſhe ſhould have occaſion for the WORLD's aſſiſtance, the world would with-hold it from her. She had fondly imagined, that

every one was her FRIEND; nor was the veil of deception withdrawn, till, alas! ſhe had occaſion for its friendſhip:—Then the very perſons who had been moſt anxious to court her ſmiles, who had beguiled her with their deluſive flatteries, who had encouraged her errors and ſoothed her vices, were the firſt to keep aloof and ſhun the wretchedneſs they had helped to accompliſh.—They who had been the boſom friends of her father, refuſed even to hear the hapleſs tale of his ill-fated child: nor did his unſhaken zeal in the cauſe of HIS SOVEREIGN ever produce to his daughter the recompence of a ſhilling from the Engliſh government.

Theſe are the reflections of one undiſturbed by the frenzy of party conflicts, and only zealous in the general cauſe of humanity—They are the reflections of a woman, chaſtened in Affliction's ſchool, reſtored to reaſon by the wholeſome leſſons

ſhe

ſhe has received from that moſt inſtructive of all monitors,—Adverſity !

> Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
> Is at her heels, and chaſes her in view.*

To drive off this fiend, alas ! ſhe has no other hope, than from the advantage ſhe may derive from this faint production of her pen. The perſpective which the world now preſents to her view is gloomy indeed : nevertheleſs, it would be greatly brightened, if ſhe conceived that her example might ſerve as a beacon to others of her ſex.

Oh ! may the generous character of the Britiſh nation, which has ſo often ſhone reſplendent in acts of amiable benevolence, long preſerve its luſtre ! may it wipe off thoſe tears, calculated to fade the cheek of Beauty ! may no political diſcord, no party rage ever obſcure it ! and while

GALLIA'S

* Venice Preſerved.

GALLIA's refractory ſons are revelling on the fruits of Britiſh benevolence, let it not be ſaid that Britannia's own legitimate children ever ſighed or wept in vain.

MARGARET COGHLAN.

December 7, 1793.

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. COGHLAN.

CAPTAIN Patrick Heron, my grandfather, was quartered with his regiment at Portſmouth, where he made a conqueſt of Miſs E. Vining, daughter of Mr. John Vining,* who was at that period mayor of the town.—The lady in queſtion was born to a very conſiderable fortune.

My grandfather being a young man and a ſoldier, it was a match quite contrary to the inclination of the old gentleman, Mr. Vining, who uſed all poſſible means to prevent its taking place; but

* A beautiful monument is erected in St. Thomas church, Portſmouth, to the memory of this gentleman, ſtating him to have been ſix times mayor of that town.

but love, almighty love ſets every obſtacle at defiance, and is always ſure to furniſh means adequate to its ends. An elopement to Scotland was the reſult of Mr. Vining's obſtinacy; from Captain Heron's paternal ſeat in that country, Miſs V. acquainted her father with this act of her diſobedience, and implored his forgiveneſs. The late Duke of Bolton and the late Lord Delawar became mediators with him, and their mediation induced Mr. Vining to relax from his ſeverity.

The firſt ſtep towards reconciliation, was to write a letter to my grandfather, expreſſing his reaſons for diſapproving the marriage, but at the ſame time intreating him to quit Scotland, and bring home his bride. In this letter he propoſed to ſettle a handſome fortune on her as her marriage portion, together with Vicars-Hill, a delightful ſeat in the new foreſt near Lymington.—Here my grandfather lived in the greateſt ſplendor for ſeveral years: his houſe was the univerſal receptacle of happineſs, where the rich were entertained with magnificent profuſion, and where the wretched always found comfort and protection.

tion. In the courſe of years, Mrs. Heron was the mother of nine children; from one of whom Captain Mark Robinſon (ſon of Admiral Robinſon) is a deſcendant: Captain Miller, of the marines, married one of his ſiſters, and there are ſeveral other ſons now living. The liberal mind of my grandfather frequently involved him in diſagreeable embarraſſments; one of which obliged him to abandon his country and friends: he was one evening in a coffee-houſe at Lymington, peruſing the newſpapers, when a perſon by the name of Boyes applied to him, ſaying, "Captain "Heron, I am a ruined man, ſhould you refuſe "the favour I am about to requeſt; having a "quantity of cyder juſt landed, I really have no "place wherein to depoſit it for the night; will "you give me permiſſion to lodge it in your cel-"lar?" Upon which my grandfather conſented, and ſent to his butler for the key of the cellar, where the *ſuppoſed* cyder was no ſooner placed than an exciſeman arrived, who had either followed it himſelf, or had received information where it lay: he told my grandfather, "that there "had been ſecreted in his cellar one hundred and "fifty

"fifty tierces of brandy, and that he muſt ſearch "for them:" whereon Captain Heron replied, "that he ſhould not enter *his* premiſes." The exciſeman perſiſted, and notwithſtanding a *ſevere* beating which he received from the ſervants, he forced the door of the cellar, where he diſcovered the brandy. Embarraſſed by this diſcovery, my grandfather flew to his father-in-law, the mayor of Portſmouth, and acquainting him with what had happened, aſked his advice; when the mayor was of opinion, that he ought to conceal himſelf until he wrote to the miniſter to ſolicit ſome indulgence. He purſued this advice, and received for anſwer, that a *capias* had been iſſued againſt him, at the ſuit of the exciſe office, for the *enormous ſum* of *twenty thouſand pounds;* that he could give no other counſel, than for him inſtantly to join the fortieth regiment, in which he had a company, and which then was ſtationed at Annapolis-Royal. Thither he went, leaving his wife at Vicars-Hill, with her children, where ſhe died broken hearted ſix months after his departure. Such are the cruelties that for ever flow from exciſe laws!—He had not been long at Annapolis,

napolis, when he was appointed governor of that place, which ſituation he held at the time of his deceaſe.

Here he married Miſs Margaret Jephſon, daughter of Captain Jephſon, belonging to the fortieth regiment, by whom he had Margaret my mother. On the death of my grandfather, his widow went from Annapolis to Halifax, in order to take a paſſage for Cork, where ſhe intended to ſettle amongſt her own friends. Major Moncrieffe, my father, who was then aid-de-camp to General Monckton, married her eldeſt daughter. Her mother and the other children remained with them one month; after which they ſailed for Ireland, and almoſt within ſight of the harbour of Cork the veſſel foundered, and every ſoul periſhed. Owing to this ſad event, my brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, and myſelf, are the only ſurvivors of that marriage; and by the will of my grandfather, proved in the *prerogative court* of Canterbury, we are the lawful heirs to all his property. The eſtate in Scotland is computed to be worth *five thouſand pounds* per annum; and

that at Lymington is of conſiderable value, but at preſent it is in the poſſeſſion of my mother's half brothers and their children, whoſe names I have already mentioned.

My mother was eſteemed a beautiful woman; ſhe was a wife at the age of fourteen, and in her grave before ſhe was twenty, leaving my brother and myſelf unprotected infants.—My father was likewiſe a very young man, and at that time only a lieutenant in the army, although aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, Sir Jeffery, now Lord Amherſt. General Gage, who had a ſincere friendſhip for him, propoſed that his children ſhould take up their abode at his houſe, where we were nurſed under the general's immediate inſpection, ſharing the ſame attention with his own children; and, the preſent Lord Gage was the companion of my infant years. My father, however, reſolved to ſend my brother and myſelf for education to Dublin. At the age of three years, I was ſent acroſs the Atlantic Ocean; my brother being then only five years old. On our arrival in Dublin, I was ſent to Miſs Beard's boarding-ſchool, and

and my brother to the Hibernian Academy: here I remained without ſeeing my father until I was eight years old, when he returned from America, and was quartered in Dublin with his regiment, the 55th, in which he had then a company. He brought with him the daughter of Judge Livingſton, of New-York, to whom he had been ſome time married: the *perſon* of this lady was uncommonly forbidding, but her *purſe* was irreſiſtible. Young as I was, I did not like my new mother; ſhe had, as I above remarked, the moſt diſagreeable countenance; and what is worſe, ſhe was a ſtranger to every ſocial virtue, and a rigid Preſbyterian. My father having exchanged with the Honourable Colonel Grey, from the 55th to the 59th regiment, was ſoon afterwards ordered upon the American ſtation, and appointed Major of Brigade upon the ſtaff: the importunities of my mother-in-law were exerted to induce my father to take me back with them to New-York, but he had previouſly reſolved to educate me in Dublin, and perſiſted in the intention: however, in the year 1772, both my brother and myſelf were ordered, by letters from my father, to return to New-York,

New-York, where we landed the ſame year: my brother was ſent to the college in that city, and I remained under the care of a governeſs. In the year 1774, my mother-in-law died, leaving to my father her fortune, for in her marriage articles ſhe had reſerved to herſelf the power of diſpoſing of it. Six months after her death, my father *took to himſelf another wife*, one of the lovelieſt of her ſex. In her boſom, virtue, honour and conjugal affection were blended; but alas! her fate deſtined her for an early grave. Ten months after her marriage, ſhe died in childbirth of her infant ſon, my youngeſt brother, leaving him and myſelf under the care of her brother, Mr. Frederick Jay, who was then member of congreſs for the province of New-York: at this time my father was with General Gage, at Boſton. Thus I found myſelf in the midſt of republicans in war againſt the crown of Great-Britain,—perſecuted on every ſide, becauſe my father was fighting for the cauſe of *a king!*—At the age of thirteen, I was ſent to board at Elizabeth-Town, New-Jerſey, with the family of an American Colonel, where I was forced to hear my neareſt and deareſt relations continually traduced.

traduced. I had remained in the houſe of this gentleman ſeveral months, when the appearance of General Howe at Staten-Iſland obliged the inhabitants of Elizabeth-Town to ſeek refuge in the interior part of the country. I was then conducted, with Colonel Banker's wife, to a village about ten miles diſtant; but grieved with the gloomy ſcene before me, I availed myſelf of the abſence of the family one Sunday, while they were at church, to make my eſcape: I rode back to Elizabeth-Town, and placed myſelf *immediately* under the care of a lady* (Mrs. de Hart) whoſe family loved me from my tendereſt infancy. However, I was not allowed to remain long in this retreat; the congreſs, particularly that part of it which were related to my father by his ſecond and third WIVES, fixed their attention upon me:— They had repeatedly, at the commencement of the war, offered my father a command in the northern army, a ſituation which was afterwards given to General

* The huſband of this lady was member of the continental congreſs, and immediately reſigned his ſituation on the independence of America being declared.

General Montgomery,[1] his nephew. Bigotted to the cauſe of *a king*, my father rejected their offers, and thus we loſt the glorious opportunity of adding the laurel of *patriotiſm* to a name high in the ranks of *military valour*, and perhaps unequalled in military ſcience. No man ever ſerved the Britiſh monarch with more fidelity, or fought for him with greater bravery: but I was very near falling a victim to this ſtubborn attachment. Walking one ſultry day in the garden of my protectreſs, I was beſet by a party of riflemen, juſt arrived from Pennſylvania, who, preſenting their bayonets to my breaſt, would certainly have killed me, had not one of the men took compaſſion on my youth, diſcovering in my features ſomething which conquered his ſavage purpoſe.—Thanks be to God! *my countrymen* did not commit an act which certainly would have ſtained the bright immortal cauſe of liberty—a cauſe that, I glory to ſay, firſt ſtruck root in my dear native country, and which is now expanding its branches through the whole continent of Europe.

My beautiful and unfortunate countrywoman,

Miſs

Miſs M'Rea,[2] experienced a far different fate: ſhe, alas! found *no* mercy; her charms ſerved only to ſtimulate the furious paſſions of her brutal raviſhers: arrayed in her bridal robes, awaiting the arrival of him, the lover, who was to crown her joys, in the ſight of *a Britiſh ſoldiery*, under the command of *Britiſh officers*, ſhe was three times violated by Canadian ſavages in *Britiſh pay*, and afterwards, (oh horrible to relate!) in *cold blood*, *ſcalped and murdered!*

Delivered from the only ſavages I *ever* met amongſt *my own countrymen*, I applied for protection to Mr. William Livingſton,[3] my firſt ſtepmother's brother, who was the governor of New-Jerſey. He behaved to me with harſhneſs, and even added inſult to his reproaches. Thus deſtitute of friends, I wrote to General Putnam, who inſtantly anſwered my letter by a very kind invitation to his houſe, aſſuring me, that he reſpected my father, and was only his enemy in the field of battle; but that in private life, he himſelf, or any part of his family, might always command his ſervices. On the next day, he ſent

Colonel

Colonel Webb, one of his aid-de-camps, to conduct me to New-York. When I arrived in Broadway (a ſtreet ſo called) where General Putnam reſided, I was received with the greateſt tenderneſs both by Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, and on the following day I was introduced by them to General and Mrs. Waſhington, who likewiſe made it their ſtudy to ſhew me every mark of regard; but I ſeldom was allowed to be alone, although ſometimes indeed I found an opportunity to eſcape to the gallery on the top of the houſe,* where my chief delight was to view with a teleſcope our fleet and army at Staten-Iſland. My amuſements were few; the good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters conſtantly to ſpin flax for ſhirts for the American ſoldiery; indolence in America being totally diſcouraged; and I likewiſe worked ſome for General Putnam, who, though not an accompliſhed *Muſcadin*, like our Dilletantis of St. James's-ſtreet, was certainly one of the beſt characters in the world, his heart

* Almoſt every gentleman's houſe in New-York has a gallery, with a ſummer-houſe, on the top.

heart being compoſed of thoſe noble materials which equally command reſpect and admiration. One day after dinner, the congrefs was the toaſt; General Waſhington viewed me very attentively, and ſarcaſtically ſaid, "Miſs Moncrieffe, you "don't drink your wine." Embarraſſed by this reproof, I knew not how to act; at laſt, as if by a ſecret impulſe, I addreſſed myſelf to the American commander, and taking the wine, I ſaid, "General Howe *is* the toaſt."—Vexed at my temerity, the whole company, eſpecially General Waſhington, cenſured me; when my good friend, General Putnam, as uſual, apologiſed, and aſſured them I did not mean to offend; "Beſides," replied he, "every thing ſaid or done by ſuch a child "ought rather to amuſe than affront you."--General Waſhington, piqued at this obſervation, then ſaid, "Well, Miſs, I will overlook your indiſ- "cretion, on condition that you drink my "health, or General Putnam's, the firſt time "you dine at Sir William Howe's table, on the "other ſide of the water."

Theſe words conveyed to me a flattering hope

that I ſhould once more ſee my father, and I promiſed General Waſhington to do any thing which he required, provided he would permit me to return to him.

Not long after this circumſtance, a flag of truce arrived from Staten-Iſland, with letters from Major Moncrieffe, demanding me, for he now conſidered me as a priſoner. General Waſhington would not acquieſce in this demand, ſaying, "that I ſhould remain a hoſtage for my "father's good behaviour." I muſt here obſerve, that when General Waſhington refuſed to deliver me up, the noble-minded Putnam,[4] as if it were by inſtinct, laid his hand on his ſword, and with a violent oath ſwore, "that my father's "requeſt *ſhould* be granted." The commander in chief, whoſe influence governed the congreſs, ſoon prevailed on them to conſider me as a perſon whoſe ſituation required their ſtrict attention ;* and, that I might not eſcape, they ordered me

* My father's knowledge of the country induced General Waſhington to uſe every expedient in order to ſeduce him from the Royal cauſe, and he

me to King's-Bridge, where, in juſtice, I muſt ſay, that I was treated with the utmoſt tenderneſs: General Mifflin[5] there commanded; his lady was a moſt accompliſhed, beautiful woman, a quaker; and here my heart received its firſt impreſſion,—an impreſſion, that amidſt the ſubſequent ſhocks which it has received, has never been effaced, and which rendered me very unfit to admit the embraces of an unfeeling, brutiſh *huſband.*

Oh! may theſe pages one day meet the eye of him who ſubdued my virgin heart, whom the immutable, unerring laws of nature had pointed out for my huſband, but whoſe ſacred decree the barbarous cuſtoms of ſociety fatally violated. To him I plighted my virgin vow, and I ſhall never ceaſe to lament, that obedience to a *father* left it incomplete. When I reflect on my *paſt* ſufferings, now that, alas! my *preſent* ſorrows preſs heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from expatiating a little on the inevitable horrors which ever attend

knew there was none more likely to ſucceed than that of attacking his parental feelings.

attend the frustration of natural affections: I myſelf, who, unpitied by the world, have endured every calamity that human nature knows, am a melancholy example of this truth; for if I know my own heart, it is far better calculated for the purer joys of domeſtic life, than for that hurricane of extravagance and diſſipation on which I have been wrecked.—

Why is the will of nature ſo often perverted? Why is ſocial happineſs for ever ſacrificed at the altar of prejudice? Avarice has uſurped the throne of reaſon, and the affections of the heart are not conſulted. We cannot command our deſires, and when the object of our being is unattained, miſery muſt be neceſſarily our doom. Let this truth, therefore, be for ever remembered: when once an affection has rooted itſelf in a tender, conſtant heart, no time, no circumſtance can eradicate it. Unfortunate, then, are they who are joined, if their hearts are not matched!—

—With this *conquerer* of my ſoul, how happy ſhould I now have been!—What ſtorms and tempeſts

tempeſts ſhould I have avoided, (at leaſt I am pleaſed to think ſo) if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations! and happier, oh! ten thouſand times happier ſhould I have been with him, in the wildeſt deſert of *our native country*, the woods affording us our only ſhelter, and their fruits our only repaſt, than under the canopy of coſtly ſtate, with all the refinements and embelliſhments of courts, with the royal warrior who would fain have proved himſelf the *conqueror* of France!

My conqueror was engaged in another cauſe, he was ambitious to obtain other laurels: he fought to liberate, not to enflave nations—He was a Colonel in the American army, and high in the eſtimation of his country: *his* victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relenting thought; they ſhone as bright as the cauſe which atchieved them! I had communicated, by letter to General Putnam, the propoſals of this gentleman, with my determination to accept them, and I was embarraſſed by the anſwer which the General returned; he intreated me to remember, that the

perſon

perſon in queſtion, from his political principles, was extremely obnoxious to my father, and concluded by obſerving, "That I ſurely would "not unite myſelf with a man who, in his zeal "for the cauſe of his country, would not heſitate "to drench his ſword in the blood of my neareſt "relation, ſhould he be oppoſed to him in "battle." Saying this, he lamented the neceſſity of giving advice contrary to his own ſentiments, ſince, in every other reſpect, he conſidered the match as unexceptionable.—Nevertheleſs, General Putnam, after this diſcovery, appeared, in all his viſits to King's-Bridge, extremely reſerved; his eyes were conſtantly fixed on me; nor did he ever ceaſe to make me the object of his concern to congreſs; and, after various applications, he ſucceeded in obtaining leave for my departure, when, in order that I ſhould go to Staten-Iſland with the reſpect due to my ſex and family, the barge belonging to the continental congreſs was ordered with twelve oars, and a general officer, together with his ſuite, was diſpatched to ſee me ſafe acroſs the bay of New-York. The day was ſo very tempeſtuous, that I was half drowned with the

the waves daſhing againſt me. When we came within hail of the Eagle man of war, which was Lord Howe's ſhip, a flag of truce was ſent to meet us: the officer diſpatched on this occaſion was Lieutenant Brown. General Knox[6] told him that he had received orders to ſee me ſafe to head-quarters. Lieutenant Brown replied, "It was "impoſſible, as no perſon from the enemy could "approach nearer the Engliſh fleet;" but added, "that if I would place myſelf under his protec-"tion, he certainly would attend me thither." I then entered the barge, and bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, turned MY BACK ON LIBERTY!—

—We firſt rowed alongſide the Eagle, and Mr. Brown afterwards conveyed me to head-quarters. When my name was announced, the Britiſh commander in chief ſent Colonel Sheriff, (lately made a General, and who, during my father's life-time, was one of *his moſt particular* friends, although, alas! the endearing ſentiment of friendſhip now ſeems extinct in his breaſt, as far as the unhappy daughter is concerned) with an

an invitation from Sir William Howe[7] to dinner, which was neceſſarily accepted. When introduced, I cannot deſcribe the emotion I felt; ſo ſudden the tranſition in a few hours, that I was ready to ſink into the earth! Judge the diſtreſs of a girl not fourteen, obliged to encounter the curious, inquiſitive eyes of at leaſt forty or fifty people, who were at dinner with the General. Fatigued with their faſtidious compliments, I could only hear the buz amongſt them, ſaying, "She is a ſweet girl, ſhe is divinely handſome;" although it was ſome relief to be placed at table next the wife of Major Montreſor,[8] who had known me from my infancy. Owing to this circumſtance, I recovered a degree of confidence; but being unfortunately aſked, agreeably to military etiquette, for a *toaſt*, I gave General Putnam: Colonel Sheriff ſaid, in a low voice, "You muſt not give him here:" when Sir William Howe complaiſantly replied, "O! by all means; if he "be the lady's *ſweetheart*, I can have no objection "to drink his health." This involved me in a new dilemma; I wiſhed myſelf a thouſand miles diſtant; and to divert the attention of the company,

pany, I gave to the General a letter, that I had been commiſſioned to deliver from General Putnam, of which the following is a copy—(And here I conſider myſelf bound to apologize for the bad ſpelling of my moſt excellent republican friend. The bad orthography was amply compenſated by the magnanimity of the man who wrote it.)—"*Ginrole** Putnam's compliments to "Major Moncrieffe, has made him a preſent of a "fine daughter, if he dont *lick*† her he muſt ſend "her back again, and he will provide her with a "fine good *twig* huſband." The ſubſtitution of *twig* for *whig* huſband, ſerved as a fund of entertainment to the company.

Immediately the General informed me that my father was with Lord Percy,‡ and obligingly ſaid, "that a carriage ſhould be provided to convey me "to him," gallantly adding, "amongſt ſo many "gentlemen a *beautiful young lady* certainly could "not want a *ceciſbeo* to conduct her."—Knowing Colonel

* For General. † For like.

‡ Now Duke of Northumberland.

Colonel Small from my earlieſt youth, I aſked him to render me that ſervice, to which he conſented.—Lord Percy* then lived nine miles diſtant from head-quarters, and when we arrived at his houſe, my father was walking on the lawn with his Lordſhip.—Colonel Small,** apprehenſive of the conſequences which might enſue from a too abrupt introduction, delicately hinted to him that I was at Sir William Howe's.—Lord Percy, equally impatient to ſee me, replied, "Heaven be praiſed! "Major, let us inſtantly go and conduct her "hither." Such trouble was however unneceſſary: In a few minutes, I was introduced, when, overcome by the emotions of filial tenderneſs, I fainted in my father's arms, where I remained in a ſtate of inſenſibility during half an hour; at length I recovered, and mutual congratulations paſſed on all ſides, when it became neceſſary to conſider in what manner I was to be diſpoſed of, ſince all his Lordſhip's *ſuite* ſlept in marquees: but the hoſpitality of this nobleman roſe above ceremony, and that the daughter ſhould not ſo ſoon again be ſeparated from her father, he ordered one of his own apartments to be prepared for me.

Here

Here I lived happy, till the Royal Army quitted Staten-Iſland.—A fortnight previous thereto, my father had been appointed Major of Brigade to the diviſion commanded by Lord Cornwallis; an event that afforded us infinite ſatisfaction. With the uncle of this Lord he had begun his military career, having received his firſt commiſſion from that General in Flanders; and I am rejoiced in having now the opportunity of publiſhing to the world, that his merit alone raiſed him to the confidence of his patron, and to the rank he afterwards held in his profeſſion.

General Cornwallis,[10] as a proof of his eſteem for my father, intreated that he might adopt his eldeſt ſon, now a Lieutenant in the 60th regiment of foot, and who bears the name of Edward Cornwallis, in addition to that of Moncrieffe. Soon after our departure from Lord Percy's, the Royal Army, having left Staten-Iſland, made good their landing on Long-Iſland, where my father was taken priſoner at the battle of *Brooklyn*,[11] and ſtripped of his regimentals, was forced to put on the *Red Ribbon*, (a mark which the Americans

Americans wore, in order to diſtinguiſh their own ſtaff officers;) and while he was endeavouring to perſuade the men to ſurrender themſelves to the Royal Army, they were ſurrounded by a party of Heſſians,[12] who miſtaking my father, conceived him, from the badge he had on, to be a Colonel of the enemy: In vain he remonſtrated; they made him aſſiſt to draw the heavy cannon, in which laborious exerciſe he was recogniſed by a Colonel in the Britiſh Army: the Heſſian officer, confuſed on diſcovering his error, conſequently made every due apology. This event frequently cauſed us much entertainment. The ſucceſs of rhe Royaliſts ſoon reſtored to us the poſſeſſion of our property at New-York, where we were no ſooner ſettled, than my father ſent an invitation to the widow of a gentleman (who had been formerly a Paymaſter-general of the Britiſh forces) requeſting her to accept his houſe as an aſylum: his object in ſo doing was on my account, his public ſituation obliging him to be ever abſent from home.—I had now acquired a number of admirers; but having poſitively *renounced* all thoughts of *marriage*, I obtained

tained conſent to depart for England with Colonel and Mrs. Horsfall, who were to embark in the month of March, 1777. It was then reſolved that, on my arrival in England, I ſhould be placed at Queen's Square boarding-ſchool.—How vain is it for mortals to anticipate plans which Providence in an inſtant can entirely deſtroy!

Mr. Coghlan,[13] my preſent huſband, ſaw me at an aſſembly, when, without either conſulting *my heart*, or deigning to aſk my permiſſion, he inſtantly demanded me in marriage, and won my father to his purpoſe.—In a ſavage mind, which only conſidered ſenſual enjoyments, affection was not an object, for I told him at the time he had *not* any affection, and conjured him in the moſt perſuaſive terms, to act as a man of honour and humanity: his reply was congenial with his character; he valued not any refuſal on *my part*, ſo long as he had the Major's conſent; and, with a dreadful *oath*, he ſwore, "that my obſtinacy ſhould not avail me." Indeed, my refuſal ſignified nothing; he inſinuated himſelf ſo far in my father's

father's confidence, as to draw upon me the anger of a parent, to whoſe diſpleaſure I had never been accuſtomed, and whoſe rebukes I had not reſolution to reſiſt: Confined to my own apartment, I was forbid his preſence, unleſs prepared to receive the huſband he had provided for me. Wretched in mind, ſmarting under the ſad reverſe, I who had only known the heart-cheering ſmiles of parental fondneſs, to become the object of parental anger! the idea overcame me, and beſieged, at the ſame time, by the pathetic intreaties of a much-loved brother, I unhappily yielded, and here fate daſhed me on a rock which has deſtroyed my peace of mind in *this* world, and may, perhaps, have paved my way to eternal torments in another.

Unable, as I have ſaid, to refuſe the earneſt ſolicitations of a brother, my earlieſt and deareſt friend, I took to my bed a viper, who has ſtung me even unto death, who has hurled me from the rank to which I was *born*, and for ever baniſhed me from all thoſe amiable enjoyments of ſociety, without which life is a vacuum not to be endured.

In

In conſequence of theſe fatal intreaties, I was married to Mr. John Coghlan, on the 28th of February, 1777, at New-York, by ſpecial licence, granted by Sir William Tryon,[14] who was then Civil Governor of that province. At this period, I was only fourteen years and a few months old; ſo early did I fall a melancholy victim to the haſty deciſion of well-meaning, but alas! moſt miſtaken relations. My union with Mr. Coghlan I never conſidered in any other light, than an honourable proſtitution, as I really *hated* the man whom they had compelled me to marry.

As the prelude was inauſpicious, ſo did a diſmal omen ſucceed our wedding. The worthy Doctor Auchmuty,[15] who was then Rector of New-York, and had married us that evening, complained on the ſame evening, while at ſupper, of indiſpoſition, and three days afterwards he finiſhed his mortal race.—We were the laſt couple married by this truly amiable man, this exemplary pattern of true chriſtian piety——But when he joined our hands, (I cannot ſay our hearts,) he wedded *me*, as I before obſerved, to a ſeries of wretchedneſs,

wretchedneſs, from which Heaven alone holds forth a proſpect of relief.

Educated in the ſchool of virtue, and, I truſt, *naturally averſe* to thoſe ſcenes of vice in which my unhappy ſtars have ſince involved me; let my example ſerve as a ſalutary caution to other brothers—to other fathers—how they attempt to influence the choice, or to force the inclinations of inexperienced female youth, on a point where every thing moſt ſacred is concerned.

—Let the *compulſion* practiſed on me apologiſe with the liberal mind for the tranſgreſſions of youth, doomed to the chains of a deteſted marriage.—Had it been my lot to have been united in wedlock with *the man of my affections*, my ſoul and body might now have been all purity, and the world would not then have loſt a being, naturally ſocial, generous, and humane.

A few months after our nuptials, Mr. Coghlan was ordered, with his regiment, to Philadelphia, whither he repaired, leaving me at Long-Iſland with

with my father —For ſeveral months, I never received any letter from him, a circumſtance which cauſed great diſpleaſure to all my relations ; but to me, it was of little conſequence, as my greateſt happineſs was to remain peaceably at home with my family.—However, this ſatisfaction was not long enjoyed. One evening, as I was ſitting with my father, the arrival of my huſband was announced ; the maſter of the houſe received him with open arms, but I met him with an air of *diſguſt*, having never learned the ſecret to diſguiſe my genuine feelings. In the courſe of converſation, we diſcovered that he had ſold out of the army in defiance of *his* father's poſitive commands ; and that it was his intention inſtantly to embark for England, where he propoſed that I ſhould accompany him.—Thus I was forced from the paternal roof of my only friend, *my natural protector.*

Mr. Coghlan took lodgings at New-York, where he introduced me to libertines, and to women of doubtful character. In this city we remained about a month, when a convoy being

ready to ſail for Cork, we embarked on the 8th of February, 1778, and had not been many days at ſea before my huſband, freed from all reſtraint, from the protection that I had enjoyed under my father's roof, threw off the maſk of deception, and appeared in his true native character, the *brutiſh unfeeling tyrant!* never omitting an opportunity to perſecute and torment me. Innumerable cruelties did I endure from this man while on our paſſage; and ſo unrelenting was he in his barbarous treatment, that it at length became public in the ſhip, and obliged Captain Kidd, the commander, to take notice of it, threatening to confine him as a madman, if he perſevered in his inhuman career.* In three weeks after our departure from New-York, the fleet diſcovered land; but beat off by ſtrong eaſterly winds, we could not make Cape Clear, ſo that the Captain was obliged to take all the ſhips he had under convoy into Crook Haven, a ſmall port in the weſt of Ireland.—The veſſels no ſooner came to anchor, than *my tyrant* ſent his horſe aſhore, which he

* Vide the libel exhibited by me againſt my huſband, which remains on record in the Eccleſiaſtical Court.

he had brought from America; leaving me, young and unprotected, in the midſt of ſix or ſeven hundred men, for the ſpace of fourteen days, without a ſingle individual of my own ſex in the whole fleet. Thus I was expoſed to various inſults, for when my huſband openly abandoned me, it was natural to conclude that others would not be remiſs in practiſing their arts of ſeduction againſt me.

When the wind became favourable, we again ſailed, and landed at the Cove of Cork. On my arrival in the latter city, I was received by the Mayor, a near relation of my huſband's, who ſoon introduced me to him; I was pleaſed to find that he made ſome apologies for having left me ſo abruptly, remarking, that it was in conſequence of ſome liberties he conceived Captain Kidd had taken with him.

During my ſtay at Cork, which laſted ten days, I was treated with all poſſible civility and reſpect. From hence we went to Dublin, where, on our arrival, my uncle, Alderman Moncrieffe, (who is now

now one of the chief magiſtrates and Lord Mayor elect of that city) expreſſed great diſpleaſure on hearing that I had remained ſo long at Crook Haven, under the circumſtances I have deſcribed. —In a few days Mr. Coghlan, leaving me with my uncle, went over to England, where he remained one month. While he had been abſent, and in London, his mind had been poiſoned by a variety of calumnies that some good-natured friends had inſinuated againſt me.—On his return, he roundly told me, that he had taken an old manſion in Wales, for the expreſs purpoſe of ſecluding me from the world; that *his* deſign was to break my *ſpirit;* and if that would not do, to break my *heart.*—In vain I practiſed every art in my power to fruſtrate this inhuman project; but finding all my intreaties and exertions ineffectual, I poſitively told both him and my uncle I was determined not to remain in Wales; and boldly declared, that I would leave him and fly to my father's friends in England.—He, however, peremptorily perſiſted in his reſolution, and I believe has ſince lamented *his folly.* When we had reached the inn at Conway (on our way to the

Old

Old Manſion) all my thoughts were bent on an eſcape, and the very firſt moment he left me alone, I fled from my tormentor, and ſought my way acroſs the mountains, deſtitute of money, and without a hut to afford me ſhelter from the inclemency of the weather; but ſupported by the native innocence of my own heart, I eſcaped from the great regardleſs of all leſſer evils. I encountered many difficulties on the road: youth, however, and perſeverance, enabled me to ſurmount them all.—Lovers preſſed around me at every inn: Hibernia's gallant ſons, ſome of whom had ſeen me in Dublin, made the moſt liberal offers, and uttered the warmeſt vows; they would have eſcorted me to London, or to any other part of the world; but I turned a deaf ear to their proteſtations, and continued my pedeſtrian journey, an innocent, ſolitary fugitive! From my juvenile appearance, I naturally became an object of ſuſpicion to the different inn-keepers, who conſidered me as an amorous adventurer, run away from my parents; but on a candid recital of my artleſs tale, and on my repoſing implicit confidence in them, they conſented to aſſiſt and facilitate my flight.

flight.—When I arrived at Namptwich, I wrote to Lord Thomas Clinton, (now Lord Lincoln) who had been on very intimate terms with my friends in America.

Here, perhaps, my conduct was imprudent, although, I truſt, not altogether *guilty;* nevertheleſs, this act of indiſcretion has poſſibly occaſioned many of the ſubſequent miſeries that I have ſince endured.—My letter to his Lordſhip was immediately anſwered by Mr. Jackſon, (attorney to Lord Thomas) incloſing, by his Lordſhip's order, twenty pounds, and containing a requeſt from him, that I ſhould conſider myſelf under his protection, ſignifying, that Mr. Coghlan had challenged him, in conſequence of ſome ſuſpicions which he entertained concerning an amorous attachment between his Lordſhip and myſelf.

I had forgot to mention, that my huſband purſued me from Conway, but taking a different rout, miſſed his object. When he arrived in London, he inſtantly repaired to the houſe of General

General Gage,[16] who hinted *to him* the probability of his finding me with Lord Thomas, the General having heard a report to that purpoſe.—Alarmed by this intelligence, he ſent for his brother-in-law, Mr. Phipps, (the late member for Peterborough) who accompanied him to Sunning-Hill, at which place Lord Thomas then reſided. He immediately accuſed the latter of having been my ſeducer, inſiſted on ſearching the houſe, and in caſe of refuſal, declared that he was prepared, and would inſiſt on that ſatisfaction to which an injured huſband was entitled. Fortunately, ſome gentlemen, who were on a viſit to his Lordſhip, interfered, and aſſured Mr. Coghlan that *I was* not in *the houſe;* when, after much perſuaſion, he was induced to return to London, at the ſame time denouncing vengeance if he ſhould hereafter diſcover that any deception had been practiſed upon him.—I have never ceaſed to rejoice that this affair had no fatal cataſtrophe. My huſband's temper was naturally violent; and, born in a country where the barbarous prejudice of duelling bears ſuch abſolute ſway, the noble Lord might have fallen a victim

victim to this ſavage cuſtom—the illuſtrious houſe of Newcaſtle might have been deprived of their heir, and thus another *hope* of a *puiſſant family* have been loſt.

—Amongſt a brave and enlightened people, who have always diſplayed the moſt exemplary valour in defending their rights, and whoſe generous volunteers, led on, in the hour of danger, by the patriots Grattan, Charlemont, Leinſter, and other noble chiefs, have never heſitated to make the deareſt ſacrifice for the public ſafety, it cannot be too much lamented, that heroes ſo prodigal of life ſhould not have courage to oppoſe and annihilate a barbariſm which has for many centuries fixed a ſtigma on a country in every other reſpect amiable, and whoſe bravery and gallantry are univerſally renowned through all the nations of the world.

I am ſorry to remark, to the utter diſgrace of Lord Clinton, that his behaviour to me, when I fell within his power, was ſuch as reflects diſhonour both on his *head* and *heart*. In the former,

I at once diſcovered a vacancy; it did not, therefore, afterwards ſurpriſe me to find a *canker* in the latter, having always remarked a weak head and an unprincipled mind to be perfectly congenial to each other. This *ſoi diſant nobleman* meanly propoſed to ſurrender me, young and beautiful as I was then conſidered, (and at the ſame time under his immediate care) to the arms of one of his libertine companions, only anxious to avoid the menaces of an enraged Hibernian, and to ſecure himſelf from an action of damages.—Such an act, committed by a man of inferior birth, would have diſgraced him among his fellows; while *the noble* derives from thence additional *fame*, and a breach of every moral duty in the higher circles is regarded as mere faſhionable levity, as the elegant *nonchalance* of polite life.—In that claſs, diſtinction keeps pace with *vice*, and a ſtrict obſervance of morality is deemed dulneſs and inſipidity.

After what I have ſaid of nobility, let me be permitted to make one *honourable* exception: I ſhould be ungrateful indeed, and belie the feelings of my ſoul, if I did not proclaim *my dear*

 friend,

friend, Lord Hervey, a nobleman poſſeſſing honour, generoſity, and affection—His heart, always open to the congenial feelings of humanity, never refuſed obedience to its ſacred impulſe. I knew him in his prime of youth, and although now ſome years have paſſed ſince I enjoyed the happineſs of ſeeing him, I am pleaſed to flatter myſelf that his ſoul has eſcaped the politician's lot, —that it has not become hardened and corrupt.

How often have I obſerved him check the manly tear which had inſtinctively ſtarted in *his* eye on a recital of my misfortunes! and how ſincerely has he appeared to lament the want of *power* to reſtore me to that ſituation which I was born to fill in the world!—While living under the protection of Lord Clinton, I endured many unhappy hours, and my affliction did not paſs unobſerved by my attendants.—One day I was ſurpriſed *in tears*, by my own woman, to whom I related my ſtory, as nothing affords more relief to a diſtreſſed mind, than giving vent to its ſorrows: this compaſſionate creature, who was by no means privy to his Lordſhip's plans, adviſed me

me to attempt a reconciliation with my huſband, which advice I rejected; but, having written a penitent letter to my friend, (the Honourable Mrs. Gage)[17] into whoſe hands I deſired it to be delivered, General Gage himſelf, who was ever during his life a friend to my family, contrary to *the opinion of his lady*, fetched me inſtantly away from my lodgings in Lower-Seymour-ſtreet, and informed Mr. Coghlan's father that the *fair fugitive* was found; when they held a conſultation reſpecting my future deſtination, the reſult of which was, that it would be prudent for me to retire to a convent in France. In this opinion I acquieſced, and conſequently departed for Calais, where I hired apartments in the Dominican convent. I had not been long in this gloomy retirement, before I was ſurpriſed with a viſit from Lord Thomas Clinton, who informed me of the death of his brother, the late Lord Lincoln,—and was pleaſed to ſay, that his object in coming to Calais was to know if I was happy. Youth is the ſeaſon of credulity, and flattery never yet was unwelcome to a *female ear*. Being myſelf naturally of a lively temper, I could but

ill

ill adapt my ideas to the diſmal ſolitude of a monaſtery, or to the melancholy habits of its ſuperſtitious inhabitants, and a circumſtance* had lately happened, which had determined me to quit my preſent companions. I knew it was in vain to aſk permiſſion from my friends to return to England, as it had been determined by them that I ſhould continue three years in the convent, and *abſolute* orders had been given to the ſuperior, that no ſtranger ſhould be admitted to ſee me, unleſs he brought letters from them. I mentioned this circumſtance to Lord Lincoln, but he was too well acquainted with the *ſecret virtue* of that *golden key* which he poſſeſſed, to pay attention to ſuch orders. The ſcrupulous delicacy of Madame Gray, ſuperior of the convent, could not reſiſt the magic of *this key;* her *virtue* yielded, and I conſequently dined with his Lordſhip, nor ever more returned to my *diſinterested* friend

* Alluding to a ceremony annually obſerved on All Saints Day, or the Reſurrection of Souls, when the bones and ſculls of the dead, which had long before been peaceably conſigned to their mother Earth, together with a coffin, are placed in the chapel of the convent, where all the ladies of the ſociety are made to attend the doleful ſcene at midnight.

friend, Madame Gray, but agreeable to his Lordſhip's advice, took my paſſage to England.—— The Nuns, alarmed at my flight, wrote to my friends, excuſing themſelves from having been privy to my eſcape, and imputing the whole blame to *the woman* whoſe buſineſs it is to walk out with the penſioners, as being auxiliary to my departure.—Soon after my arrival in London, General Gage was informed of my return, and of the place where I had taken up my reſidence. He immediately diſpatched Major Brown to my lodgings, and by him I was acquainted with the miſery which my father ſuffered on my account. Unable to endure the thought of afflicting the tendereſt of parents, whom I moſt affectionately loved, I was eaſily induced to forego thoſe viſionary and fatal ſchemes of happineſs, which my imagination had formed. Thus reſtored to my friends, I was fixed by Mrs. Gage with a reſpectable family near Groſvenor Square.

Sir Charles Gould, who was in habits of correſpondence with Major Moncrieffe,[18] paid the expenſes of my board, at the *Major's deſire.*

Here

Here I remained two years, at the expiration of which time Mrs. Gage informed me that ſhe had received letters from my father, wherein he expreſſed his wiſhes that I would form ſome plan whereby to gain a future livelihood; that as by my imprudence I had rendered it impoſſible for *him* to countenance me as *his* daughter, he adviſed me to endeavour to learn the mantua-making buſineſs. The propoſal I rejected, conſidering that I was entitled to a ſeparate maintenance from my huſband, *proportionate* to *his* fortune. Thus embarraſſed, I waited on Lord Amherſt,[19] informing him of my unhappy marriage. His Lordſhip remembered me when in my nurſe's arms, which recollection *ſecured* me in *him* a zealous advocate and mediator with my father; at the ſame time flattering me with hopes of ſucceſs. On hearing the intention of the latter, his Lordſhip was equally ſurpriſed with myſelf: he inſtantly exclaimed, "This ſurely "would be a curious method to reſtore you to "the paths of virtue;" adding, "that he had a "bad opinion of ſuch trades for young women."

—My

—My father was a man of rigid, auſtere principles, whenever virtue or honour were in queſtion, however indulgent he might be himſelf on other occaſions. The ſeverity he manifeſted in this inſtance does not derogate in the leaſt from his uſual character; the actual diſhonour of a beloved daughter pleads a ſufficient excuſe for any harſhneſs which I may have experienced from him.

Thus deſerted, I became almoſt frantic; I left the family where Mrs. Gage had placed me, and paid a viſit to *the man* whoſe counſels I ought to have ſhunned. At his Lordſhip's houſe I was received a welcome gueſt: on ſeeing me, he *ſatirically ſmiled*, and ſaid, "he hoped I had *now* ſufficiently felt the "rod of correction, and that it would teach me to "be regardleſs of every other conſideration but "that of improving my own fortune."—At this period, Lord Lincoln was engaged in a conteſted election for the city of Weſtminſter, with that bright luminary of genius who ſtill ſhines with ſuch reſplendent effulgence in the political world, the Right Honourable Charles Fox.[20]—I was now

now ſeventeen years old, and felt a natural inclination for the ſtage: on this ſubject I conſulted a friend of my father's, Colonel Etherington, who adviſed me to procure an introduction to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre. Accident, at this juncture, brought me acquainted with the Right Honourable Gentleman juſt mentioned, (Mr. Fox) whoſe intereſt I ſolicited with Mr. Sheridan,[21] and he, with his uſual goodneſs, recommended me to the latter gentleman, and it was then my intention to have made my *debut* at Drury-Lane Houſe, the following winter.

The frequent opportunities I at this time enjoyed of ſeeing Mr. Fox, whoſe affections were then (I believe) diſengaged, were of the higheſt ſervice to me; dulneſs itſelf could not have failed to profit from the inſtructions of ſo able and eloquent a friend. During my acquaintance with this amiable and benevolent man, my ſoul was conſecrated to all the ſweet emotions of friendſhip, and happy ſhould I have been had this intimacy laſted;—but, alas! ſuch happineſs was not reſerved for me. Engaged in the purſuit of moſt honourable

honourable ambition, his heart was ever open to the more endearing virtues of private life. The zealous, enthuſiaſtic patriot was no leſs the ſincere affectionate friend—the tender, the ardent lover; and, perhaps, in no one man were ever before united ſo many engaging, ſo many tranſcendent qualities; inſomuch, that the character given of him in the Houſe of Commons, by his friend Sir Charles Bunbury, ſeems by no means exaggerated—"That he was even a hero to his valet de "chambre!"

The giddineſs of extreme youth, and remarkable levity of my diſpoſition at that time, was not calculated to ſecure the attachment of this illuſtrious character, although in every ſubſequent trial I have found in him a moſt complaiſant and liberal benefactor.

It was now my deſtiny to become acquainted with a man in almoſt every inſtance the reverſe of the former, but he ſtill poſſeſſed that *charm*, which, with my turn for extravagance, ſupported the place of every other. Mr. Fazakerley was *rich*,

and what rendered him yet more valuable in my ſight, he was *generous!* He offered me his houſe and preſented to me his purſe; money ſeemed no object to him, and ſuch a man was adapted to my purpoſe. Nevertheleſs, it was my nature to be candid, I therefore frankly told him that I was four months advanced in pregnancy; and concluded by ſaying, that he probably might deem this circumſtance an obſtacle to our connection. He waved however the objection, made the moſt liberal offers, inſiſted on my applying to no other quarter for protection, and during four years he ſupported me and my *daughter*, without permitting me to draw from Mr. *Fox* the leaſt ſupply whatever.

Mr. Fazakerley made with me the tour of Europe, and did all in his power to cultivate my underſtanding, and to give me all that ſuperficial knowledge and acquirements which are conſidered to yield ſuch a poliſh to our *travelled ladies*. If I had not profited by the advantages that offered themſelves during my acquaintance with this gentleman, I ſhould deſerve more misfortunes than

than I have even yet endured, if it were poſſible they could fall to the lot of any one human being; but, I truſt that my mind has not been *altogether* unimproved; and if my heart may have been corrected by the former gentleman, my underſtanding and perſon have certainly acquired graces and accompliſhments from the pains beſtowed on me by the latter. I am therefore bound to acknowledge thoſe obligations to Mr. Fazakerley, for the attention I received from him during *four years*, as well as for many liberal pecuniary favours; but as to the real happineſs, I never enjoyed it under the auſpices of *this gentleman*, his temper being extremely moroſe and *capricious;* nor had he any of thoſe qualities formed to conciliate the affections of a delicate woman.

At the end of four years, this connection was diſſolved, and unfortunately for me, all his *friendſhip* periſhed with it.

During my misfortunes, he has never liſtened to my complaints; the more miſeries were accumulated on my wretched *head*, the more callous did

did his *heart* ſeem to what I ſuffered, and he at length concluded by withdrawing an annuity of two hundred pounds, which he had *promiſed ſhould be continued during my life.*

I had now formed an acquaintance with Lord Hervey. Of this noble Lord I have ſpoken in the preceding pages, and even at this moment I cannot reflect on the virtues and ſplendid qualities that diſtinguiſh the mind and perſon of his Lordſhip, without the moſt lively ſenſibility. With him I enjoyed, for ſeveral months, all the comforts and delights of domeſtic life, and with him I continued until he was appointed, by his Britannic Majeſty, Envoy at a foreign court.

Attached to my native country (America) I fancy the reader will have already diſcovered that I am by no means a friend to arbitrary principles; nor is it becauſe I admire the *man*, that I am to be conſidered a convert to his *political notions.*

I was therefore concerned when I read the manifeſto which he publiſhed at that court, during

ing his embaſſy. Nothing, however, can abate the lively gratitude and eſteem which my heart feels for this valuable friend.—His Lordſhip had left me only a few months, when I brought forth a pledge of our union, a daughter, whom death ſoon raviſhed from me: previous to which loſs, a new and amiable connection called me back to Ireland, where I received the above fatal intelligence, which was a terrible drawback upon the happineſs I then enjoyed. Captain B******, my new lover, was every way calculated to obliterate the impreſſion I might have received from former admirers, and to ſooth the affliction which I felt for the loſs of my dear and beloved child. From him I have uniformly experienced every kindneſs that the tendereſt affection could beſtow. The roving habits of a military life did not admit any *permanent* attachment of this nature; but it is ſufficiently flattering to me, that Mr. B****** never omitted an occaſion of ſeeking my ſociety.

The fruits of our connection are two ſons, both now living, and both happy under the protection

tection of their worthy parent, who is himſelf lately united in marriage with a lady who, I am told, poſſeſſes every virtue and every neceſſary accompliſhment to ſecure his happineſs, and with whom I ardently wiſh him a continuation of all the bleſſings and enjoyments which he ſo eminently deſerves. Let me, however, indulge the hope, without wiſhing to ſtrew the thorns of jealouſy or diſcontent on *her* bridal pillow, that he will never *utterly* neglect his former *friend*, the *mother* of *his* children. Humanity, and friendſhip for others, are not uncongenial with conjugal fidelity, and if I am rightly informed of Lady A——'s character, ſhe is not the woman to encourage a dereliction of thoſe duties. The honourable connection that Mr. B****** has formed is incompatible with the union that once ſubſiſted between *us*, and if previous thereto there had been any chaſm in that union, it was becauſe his *fortune* could not keep pace with *my former extravagance.*

Confident am I, from all the proofs I have had of his generous and affectionate heart, that the

the manifold ſorrows I have undergone, if he had poſſeſſed the power, I ſhould have been ſpared the ſuffering. I could dwell longer on this endearing theme, but prudence commands me to draw the veil.

I now enter on the ſubject of a gentleman, whom honour, gratitude, and every refined ſentiment which dignifies the ſoul of woman, and impreſſes it with a ſenſe of paſt obligations, compel me to mention. Generoſity and ſincerity were his ſhining characteriſtics—a friend to all mankind, *himſelf* excepted. The openneſs of Mr. Giffard's diſpoſition everlaſtingly expoſed him to the villanies and baſe projects of nefarious gamblers and intriguers of every deſcription; nay, even in that elevated circle of ariſtocracy in which he moved, there were not wanting *ennobled wretches* to form their ſchemes of plunder and robbery againſt him. The loſſes which Mr. Giffard ſuſtained from theſe *honourable* connections were fatal to himſelf and family. Unſuſpicious of the treachery to which he had been the dupe, he paid to the laſt guinea, although to accompliſh

accompliſh that payment, he had been obliged to diſcharge his eſtabliſhment, and to diſpoſe of his equipage. Stupid muſt be the mind that would not have been corrected by fatal experience like this, and happy am I to learn, that from a regular ſyſtem of œconomy which he has of late adopted, and through the interpoſition of his relations, his finances are repaired, and thus a moſt worthy man reſtored to his country.

Ungrateful ſhould I be if I did not rejoice in every proſperity which he enjoys. From him, during the time I was ſo happy as to partake of his eſteem, I received pecuniary favours that almoſt outran my own extravagance—and it was only the derangement of his affairs, that could have put a period to them.

While with Mr. Giffard, my humble roof was often viſited by princes of the Blood Royal, and by Nobles of the higheſt diſtinction—and here, I ſhould do a violence to my own feelings, if I did not draw a juſt compariſon in favour of *plebeian virtue;* let me then honeſtly proclaim to the world,

world, ſuperior to flattery or diſſimulation, that in my journey through life I have found more liberality of ſentiment, more candour and ingenuouſneſs in this plain country gentleman, and others of a ſimilar deſcription, than I ever experienced from a certain Duke of royal lineage.

But where is the wonder? Fidelity to *vows* is not the virtue of *princes*. At perjuries with women they only laugh. During my hard diſtreſſes in a horrid jail, often did I apply *to this Royal Lothario, this perfidious Lovelace*, but who, alas! had none of the accompliſhments that Lovelace could boaſt of; and the fruit of my application was ſilence—dead, monotonous, obſtinate ſilence! Beware then, ye of my unhappy ſex, how you are beguiled by the gew-gaw of royal ſplendour! Nurſed in the lap of luxury, ſatiated with enjoyments, the hearts of princes are callous to the purer delights of exquiſite ſenſibility. Princes live only for themſelves: they conceive that *men* and *women* are made merely for *them*, to be the paſſive inſtruments of their voluptuouſneſs, and are only ſurpriſed when the leaſt recompence is required

from them, as a poor indemnity for the deareſt ſacrifices that have been made to ſooth their paſſions. All I can ſay is, that if this princely *Lothario* ſhines not with *greater advantage* in the plains of Mars than he excels in the groves of Venus, the combined forces have little to expect from his martial exertions.

In the month of May, 1788, annoyed by my creditors, and Mr. Giffard's finances being at that time exceedingly deranged, he could only offer certain terms to my creditors, giving one thouſand pounds into the hands of Mr. Thomas Vaughan, of Suffolk-ſtreet, Middlesex Hoſpital, for the purpoſe of ſettling with them; while it was judged expedient that I ſhould tranſport myſelf to the continent, there to remain during eight or ten months. I ſhould be loth to caſt reflections on any man, and I conceive it now neceſſary to extricate Mr. Vaughan from aſperſions which have been thrown out againſt him.

My debts at this time amounted to near three thouſand pounds, including attorney's bills, for it

it has been my lot always to pay full ſixty ſhillings for every twenty: it was therefore propoſed, that the one thouſand pounds ſo generouſly granted by my munificent friend ſhould be applied only to the payment of ſuch debts as had been contracted while I reſided under the protection of Mr. Giffard, conſidering himſelf in honour bound to diſcharge them. But firſt, there was an offer made to all my creditors in general, of ten ſhillings in the pound, which they were fooliſh enough to refuſe; thus I was under the neceſſity of protracting my reſidence abroad.

On my arrival in Paris, I had taken my reſidence at the Hotel de l'Univerſite, where it was my fortune to meet *once more* that favourite of the fair ſex, that renowned warrior, equal to both, and armed for either field, whoſe glorious exploits in the blood-ſtained ranks of Long-Iſland and Charleſton can teſtify, and whoſe ſuperior excellence in thoſe ſofter engagements, in the Italian vales, Mademoiſelle la Maire and ſo many other Pariſian belles have equally witneſſed.

This

This heroic chief, this ſecond Agamemnon, uniting all accompliſhments—the fierceſt ſoldier in war, the gentleſt ſwain in love—did me the *honour* to take me under his protection.

He was my ceciſbeo, who made me acquainted with all the beauties of that ſuperb and magnificent city; he introduced me into all the gay and brilliant circles, of which he himſelf ſhone the ſplendid ornament. The intelligent reader, on peruſing the above, will not be at a loſs to diſcover, that I allude to General D********. With this military and amorous Quixote there was a young man, nearly related, and to whom, ſuch is the ſtrange organization of the female mind! I am fair to confeſs, that I gave the *preference* over his formidable and illuſtrious rival. Jealouſy is the characteriſtic of *love*—I had made an impreſſion on the heart of the veteran beau; he *ſuſpected* (and his *ſuſpicions* were not wrong) that there was a ſecret underſtanding between myſelf and his younger companion: yielding thereto, he kept a ſteady watch over all our actions, and when the ſilent hour approached that lovers

lovers dedicate to the deity of their adoration, my antique admirer, eager to convince himſelf of the truth of what he ſuſpected, poſted himſelf in an obſcure corner, where, by favour of the moon, he traced Sir R——* to my apartments,—and, as ſoon as he knew that his conjectures were well founded, he withdrew all friendſhip, and, I fear, has never ſince forgiven me.——"At lover's "quarrels," they ſay, "Jove laughs;" although this quarrel turned out ſerious, ſince no correſpondence has ſubſiſted between us ſince the above fatal period. But if *Agamemnon* withdrew himſelf he ſtill left a *Paris* behind *to conſole me.*

Sir Robert Harland, the next day informed me, that my late admirer was ſo exceedingly offended, that it would render my longer continuance, in the ſame hotel, very diſagreeable; ——I therefore departed, taking lodgings at the Hotel de la Reine, Rue des Bons Enfans.—I was no ſooner ſettled in my new apartment, than one of my ſervants told me that my huſband

* Sir R***** H******.

band lodged in the ſame houſe, and as he was the *laſt man* in the world whom I wiſhed to ſee, I inſtantly took leave of the landlord, and went to Madame Lafar's Hotel, Rue Caumartin; a *lady* who happily poſſeſſes the *convenient accommodating* talents of obliging all her gueſts, both male and female, never aſking impertinent queſtions, and being perfectly indifferent as to the mode of arrangement amongſt them. In this hotel I found the *famous* Colonel Mc. Carthy, who was pleaſed to *honour* me with his *particular* attention. By this gentleman I was introduced to the Marquis de Genlis, whoſe ſuperb hotel was the conſtant receptacle of all the *elegants* of that once luxurious city.—*This nobleman*, in his youth, had been the moſt accompliſhed *petit maitre* of the day, and in the decline of life, when I knew him, he reminded me very much, both in his dreſs and addreſs, of our old Duke of Q——. The French Marquis, however, was rather more celebrated for hoſpitality than the Scotch Duke.—When I retrace in my imagination the nocturnal orgies, and every refinement of luxury, that was viſible in this temple of voluptuouſneſs, contraſting it with

with the preſent gloomy ſcene, which my mind pictures to itſelf, I, in ſome meaſure, forget my own ſorrows: The Graces, I am told, have entirely abandoned that city, where they had ſo long reſided,—Stern, inexorable republican virtue has uſurped the empire which they once held, and politics now ſupply the place of gallantry and love.—The ill-fated brother of M. de Genlis, the Marquis de Sillery, huſband to the accompliſhed writer of that name, tainted by education with the prejudices of *ariſtocracy*, and vitiated by the long habits of Pariſian debauchery, has lately ſuffered under the fatal axe of the guillotine; and this example, confirmed by ſo many others, ought to ſerve as a wholeſome and moſt uſeful leſſon, how, at this juncture, perſons embark on the dangerous ocean of politics, unleſs they are really and honeſtly attached to the principles which they profeſs.——

The Jacobin Club is undoubtedly (whatever it may be in other reſpects) the moſt vigilant and enlightened corps of diplomacy in Europe. Innumerable inſtances have proved the impoſſibility of

of eſcaping their keen, penetrating reſearches, and the leaſt deviation from the path of the Conſtitution, (that is, from the unity and indiviſibility of the Republic) is ſure to meet detection, and to be followed by an ignominious death. Let us then implore the grace of Divine Providence to put an end to theſe horrors !

To reſume the thread of my narrative—About the latter end of July, 1788, a Mr. Beckett, with whom I become acquainted, and for which acquaintance I am indebted to my old friend, Colonel Freemantle, *came to Paris.* He lived in the ſame hotel with myſelf, in the greateſt ſplendour; his table was continually crouded by perſons of the higheſt rank, amongſt whom were the late unfortunate Duc d'Orleans, the Ducs de Montmorenci, Pienne, Prince Louis d'Aremberg, Marquis de Bouille, &c. &c. &c.—Amidſt my manifold misfortunes, I conſider it ſome conſolation that the perſons with whom I have been acquainted were the moſt part diſtinguiſhed for genius and talents, and this young man was remarkably ſo:—Mr. Beckett flattered me by his addreſſes,

addreſſes, at a time when all the Pariſian beauties were emulous with each other for his affections: whether it were vanity, affection, preference, or any ſentiment bordering on ſelf-love, I will not ſay; but, living in the ſame hotel with him, he continually made choice of me as the Sultana to preſide at his table, and I had the direction of all his entertainments. At the end of four months, after various oblique and fruitleſs hints, Madame Lafar became clamorous for payment of her bill, which amounted to the *ſmall ſum* of five hundred pounds. He drew bills upon his father for fifteen hundred pounds, which were the amount of his whole debts. A ſpecial courier was diſpatched to England, and as the father would not, or could not, pay the extravagant demands of his ſon, the bills returned to Paris *proteſted.* In this ſituation I adviſed him to conſult his own countrymen, then in Paris: He was at that time intimately acquainted with Lord Gillford, ſon of Lord Clanwilliam. This young nobleman aſſured him that he had only a few hours to determine on his eſcape, as he had private information that Madame Lafar meant to arreſt him.—I muſt do Mr.

Beckett the juſtice to ſay, that it was with the utmoſt reluctance that he purſued the advice of his friends, as he expreſſed ſtrong apprehenſions for my ſafety; however, touched with his generoſity, I became entirely regardleſs of myſelf, and poſitively *inſiſted on his flight*,—and he yielded obedience.—He had not departed many hours before all his creditors were in an uproar; the hue and cry was raiſed, that an Engliſhman had run away for his debts: the police officers were ſent after him, but returned with ſorrowful countenances, their miſſion unaccompliſhed.——

Madame Lafar, *who, poor dear woman! was* the principal ſufferer, now turned all her vengeance againſt me, knowing that I had a travelling poſt-chaiſe and a chariot, together with ſeveral valuable effects; on theſe articles ſhe fixed *her attention*, determined to plunder me.

Two days after Mr. Beckett left Paris I was, while on a viſit at Madame Smith's, informed by Mr. Robert Knight, (another of the few good men I have found in the world) that his carriage had

had juſt been ſurrounded by a party of armed ruffians, inquiring for me, and he had ſcarcely uttered the words when the houſe of Madame Smith was beſet by at leaſt an hundred men, preceded by Mr. de Lomprey, exempt de police. *My friends*, alarmed for my ſituation, (for I was ſeven months advanced in pregnancy) intreated the exempt to diſmiſs his followers—Mr. Knight kindly pledging himſelf to be reſponſible for any complaint which they had to make againſt me. Mr. de Lomprey replied, "that he had a *lettre* "*de cachet* from the *King*, ordering me to close "confinement in the *Hotel de la Force*." My valuable *friend*, who was a young man of very independent fortune, would not ſuffer this arbitrary act *of power* to be exerciſed againſt an helpleſs woman, without firſt demanding that ſatisfaction to which he thought me entitled. He, therefore, at *that late hour*, went to the Duke of Dorſet, the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador: his Grace was from home: thus I was obliged to go, at two o'clock in the morning, to the manſion of ſlavery, the Hotel de la Force. I had with me my infant ſon, then only two years old. The innocence of this

this tender lamb, who ſeemed ſenſible that ſome misfortune had happened, overcame what reſolution I poſſeſſed; he held *up his little hands* and cried out, "Oh! you ſhall not hurt *my Mother!*" Mr. Knight, however, comforted me by every aſſurance of protecting the child, and carried him away in his carriage, having firſt attended me himſelf to the wretched apartment deſtined for me. A miſerable *bed of ſtraw*, with one wretched blanket, was all the furniture in the room, and the floor was completely covered with vermin. 'Till this moment I was a ſtranger to priſons; therefore my mind was more ſenſible to the *ſhock:* but even now that I have been habituated to the horrors of confinement, I cannot conceive ſuch a dreadful epitome of wretchedneſs as this vile dungeon, on mature reflection, ſtill appears to be; and, for the ſake of humanity, I fervently pray, that if it be not already done, the new government of France may utterly deſtroy ſimilar *abominations*.

—My woman, the faithful partner of all my misfortunes, accompanied me, nor could even this ſpectacle of horror induce her to forſake her miſtreſs.

miſtreſs. We paſſed the few remaining hours converſing on the ſudden tranſition *of fortune*—I wiſhed to convince her of the mutability of human happineſs—In three days I was reduced from ſcenes of pleaſure and tranquility to my preſent wretched condition! As ſoon as day approached, we examined our ſad habitation: the firſt object that ſtruck my eye was a huge tremendous padlock, projecting from the cieling, and to which was faſtened an immenſe *iron* collar. We could not at firſt imagine the uſe of this frightful inſtrument; but my poor, faithful attendant ſoon gueſſed it, and exclaimed, "O, Madam! it is to "faſten us up at night!" She had ſcarce uttered theſe words when the jailer appeared, (for, in France, it is a duty exacted from the keeper of ſuch a place to pay perſonal attendance to the unfortunate *in his power:*) he had a great bunch of keys in his hand: he walked up to me, and immediately cried out, "*Oh, Ciel! quel dommage!*" adding, that he had received orders from the government to treat me with the greateſt reſpect. This civil Frenchman ended his harangue by requeſting me to give him permiſſion to order my breakfaſt.

breakfaſt. I thanked him for his politeneſs, but declined receiving any refreſhment until my friends came to me. At a very early hour (before noon) Mr. Knight, accompanied by Mr. Weſtern, the preſent member for Malden, paid me a viſit. Theſe gentlemen, in concert with Capt. Winder, of the guards, were for ever employed to obtain my liberty, availing themſelves of a moſt neceſſary and humane law that exiſts in France, prohibiting the impriſonment of pregnant women for debt. If ſuch laws were in full force under the moſt deſpotic government of Europe, how much more conſiſtent were it in force under that which calls itſelf the moſt free? Aged perſons were alſo exempt from this penalty; but here our ears are for ever ſtunned with the ſound of liberty and humanity! women in the pangs of childbed—men in the agonies of death, (ſuch inſtances have occurred) in virtue of a ſheriff's writ, may be dragged to the moſt *loathſome jail.* Were it not then devoutly to be wiſhed, that our legiſlators, inſtead of empty panegyric, would afford us a little of the ſubſtance? In my own opinion, who have done ſome experience in theſe caſes, the reaſon why ſuch

ſuch horrible laws are ſuffered to exiſt, is under the ſuppoſition of their being ſeldom or ever executed; the fact, however, is notoriouſly otherwiſe; at all events, policy, as well as mercy, requires, *the* national character demands, that the life of freemen ſhould not be expoſed to the diſcretion, or depend on the pity, of a ſheriff's officer.

Madame Lafar, alarmed, leaſt I ſhould eſcape out of the ſnare ſhe had laid, endeavoured to perſuade my friends I was not in the predicament deſcribed; but all her projects failed, as they inſiſted on a conſultation of the faculty, who aſcertained my pregnancy; at the ſame time expreſſing apprehenſions of immediate labour from the ſudden revolution I had undergone. In this ſituation, a female of my acquaintance (although by no means a lady of rigid virtue, not therefore leſs ſuſceptible of generoſity and compaſſion) immediately repaired to Monſieur Pacquet, then firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris, relating the circumſtance, and at the ſame time giving a miniature picture of me. This gentleman went the following day to Verſailles, and informing

informing Monſieur and the Comte d'Artois, *the late King's* brothers, of my misfortune, they, with a generous ſympathy rarely to be found in princes, and which cauſes me to lament moſt bitterly their ſad reverſe of fortune, took pity on my ſituation and became my advocates; and in a few hours I received his Majeſty's order for my releaſe. The Comte d'Artois, in particular, entered into the hardſhips of my caſe, and on delivering the King's ſignature, cancelling the letter de cachet, adviſed that I ſhould put myſelf under protection of his palace,* ſignifying that Mr. Beckett's creditors might then proceed againſt me in a court of law. The inſtant I returned from priſon, I went accordingly to the Place du Temple, where I had not remained many hours before I received a viſit from the Duc de F——, another nobleman who alſo boaſts of royal blood in his veins, but whoſe actions unfortunately were not calculated to efface thoſe unfavourable prepoſſeſſions with which I had been inſpired by a ſimilar conduct in *a truly* royal Duke, who

* The Temple at Paris, where Louis XVI. and the royal family were confined, was formerly a palace occupied by the Comte d'Artois, and its environs afforded protection to unhappy inſolvent debtors.

who now makes ſuch a capital figure on the theatre of European politics. The familiar epithet applied to the ci-devant Duc de F—— in Paris, (that loyal and renowned emigrant) was an *eſcroc* (in Engliſh ſignifying ſharper or Greek). All I can ſay is, that I have no reaſon to diſpute the propriety of the application.

In my new abode I had ſoon the mortification to learn from my ſervants, that my two carriages, together with all my clothes and jewels, were ſeized by Mr. Beckett's creditors, ſo that I was, in an inſtant, ſtripped of every neceſſary, in a country where I had no connections but ſuch as had been formed on the principles of intereſt. Thus circumſtanced, a young Iriſh nobleman, in whoſe favour I had made an exception, and from my general opinion of his friendſhip I had confidence, I frankly communicated what had befallen me, and received from his Lordſhip every aſſurance *of protection;* but his fortune not being adequate to his generoſity, he immediately propoſed a ſubſcription amongſt my friends then in Paris, and in the courſe of twenty-four hours I

found myſelf, through their exertions, in poſſeſſion of two hundred and fifty louis d'or's.

I have before obſerved, that adverſity is the true criterion of friendſhip, and I am bound in gratitude to render juſtice to that virtue in the French nation.

In France I ever met with the greateſt humanity, tempered with delicacy and politeneſs; and if my misfortunes, during the latter part of my reſidence in that country, called for the aid of others, I alſo received it; at the ſame time it was always conveyed in a manner which reflected honour on the generous donors, ever unaccompanied with thoſe diſguſting marks of oſtentation which too frequently attend acts of pecuniary relief.

I remained ſix months in the Temple, and returned to England ten days before that *glorious* epoch, the 14th of July, 1789, when Frenchmen threw off for ever THE YOKE OF SLAVERY. Oh! may that day yield an awful and impreſſive leſſon! It forms an æra replete with events ſtill in the womb

womb of time to produce. It threatens deſtruction to long eſtabliſhed ſyſtems—to long eſtabliſhed orders. It preſages revolution, and ſtrikes at thoſe antique governments, in defence of which ſo many of my anceſtors have bled.

Should they have bled in vain, and if a new order of things be deſtined to ſucceed, may humanity ſtill profit by the change! may a more equal diſtribution of ſublunary enjoyments baniſh from the face of the earth thoſe ſcenes of horror that have ſo long tortured the ſight and diſgraced the policy of ſocial inſtitutions! Perhaps the Millennium, ſo long and ſo anxiouſly anticipated, is at hand, when nations will be linked in one fraternal bond—when civil diſcord and foreign wars ſhall ceaſe to deſolate the world. Whichever party may prevail in this tremendous criſis, my only prayer is, that it may terminate to the advantage and improvement of the human race!—The reader will pardon theſe frequent digreſſions; they ariſe naturally from the ſubject, and are the ſpontaneous emanations of a ſoul fraught with ſenſibility, and glowing with zeal

zeal for the general happineſs and improvement of mankind. I have formerly experienced from Frenchmen compaſſion and generoſity; and I have ſometimes found thoſe virtues in the Engliſh. Born in America, and reſident many years in England, I feel no local partialities, no prepoſſeſſions or diſguſts—my country is the world! and whatever the political ſentiments of others may be, I conſider it the duty of citizens to yield implicit ſubmiſſion to the laws of that government under which they live.

Paſſing eighteen months in France, under her ancient monarchy, I had the opportunity of manifeſting my reſpect to the laws which then exiſted; and if I were at preſent in that nation, now that it has judged proper to adopt the republican form of government, I ſhould hold myſelf equally bound, faithfully to obey the laws of that Republic.

Such are my opinions, which I believe are founded in truth and juſtice, and I ſhould be ever emulous to preſerve the character of a

peaceful,

peaceful, and, I hope, in future, to add, of a *virtuous* citizen.

It is the faſhion amongſt us, vehemently and outrageouſly to condemn the French for the exceſſes and cruelties they have committed; but we muſt in candour allow, that in the progreſs of this war they have been at leaſt equalled in acts of cruelty by the Pruſſians and Auſtrians, and far ſurpaſſed therein by their own emigrants. Very lately an account was tranſmitted to the convention, by one of its commiſſioners at Liſle, of an Auſtrian ſoldier taken priſoner, on ſearching whom it was diſcovered that his cartridges were poiſoned, which at once explained the cauſe of that amazing mortality which had prevailed amongſt the French wounded ſoldiers.

Monſieur Beaulieu, an Auſtrian general, on a late occaſion, previous to an engagement, likewiſe ſignified to his troops that priſoners were only an incumbrance, in conſequence of which the ſoldiers took *the hint* and gave no quarter.

What tender heart then but recoils from thoſe dreadful

dreadful proſcriptions and executions which now daily take place in that diſtracted country! but as in morals, it would be held madneſs to harbour in our boſom a ſerpent to ſting us to death; ſo in politics, the maxim holds equally good. France cannot be denied to have contained innumerable enemies within her boſom, and from the exterminating principles of this deſtructive war, which operate equally on both ſides, it is evident if ſhe wiſhed to conſolidate her government, that if ſhe do not ſtrive to deſtroy thoſe enemies they will finally ſucceed to deſtroy the republic. Let us then be juſt amidſt the violence of revolutionary paroxyſms. We are not to expect *that* temper and moderation which ought to be the baſis of ſettled, tranquil governments, but which (we fatally experience) is too ſeldom the characteriſtics of ſuch governments.

To return to my ſubject:—When I arrived in London, I ſent to my houſe in New Cavendiſh-ſtreet, deſiring a female ſervant, whom I had left in charge of it, to come to the hotel. She gave me to underſtand, that although ſeveral of my creditors

creditors were much diſſatisfied with the manner in which Mr. Vaughan had diſpoſed of the money deſtined to ſettle their demands, ſtill they were by no means inclined to harraſs me. Theſe aſſurances encouraged me to return to my own houſe, and in a few days I called a meeting of all my unſatisfied creditors (acting in this inſtance as my own attorney:) from them I obtained a letter of licence; I however was ſo fooliſh as to aſk for only ſix months indulgence, when they would readily have granted it for as many years; there were, nevertheleſs, two obdurate, ungrateful creditors, linen drapers of Oxford-ſtreet, who, regardleſs of the many obligations which they owed to me and my friends, thought proper to arreſt me, contrary to the opinion of all the reſt who had any claims againſt me. With theſe men I had dealt for years, in which time they had both received from me ſeveral hundred pounds, and now they thought proper to have me confined for the moderate ſum of three hundred and fifty pounds: my own attorney civilly leaving me in a ſpunging-houſe, to get out as I could. In this hour of diſtreſs, when friendſhip makes the deepeſt impreſſion, a gentleman

gentleman* of Furnival's Inn came fortunately to the houſe, and hearing of my confinement, generouſly became my bail. And here let me again pour forth the tribute of a grateful heart! but words are inadequate to expreſs the ſenſe that I have of *his* liberality and kindneſs. Unacquainted with the chicanery, villainy, and hard-heartedneſs of other lawyers, from which I have ſo cruelly ſuffered, from certain experience, he roſe, in my opinion, above every man in his profeſſion. He found me beſet by plunderers, Jews, and ſwindlers, combined to rob me of what property I poſſeſſed. The ſufferings I had hitherto endured had not operated the neceſſary conviction, or hindrance, in choice of acquaintance: I have ever been the dupe of the worthleſs part of both ſexes; and, at this time, I was ſtupidly infatuated with the ſociety of a certain Jeweſs.—

—This woman poſſeſſed ſeveral natural good qualities, qualities which far over-balanced her faults; and as it is impoſſible for any human production to be perfect, I overlooked her imperfections,

* Mr. Chambers.

perfections, and adopted her as my boſom friend. Mrs. G—— had a mother who was ever in league with bailiffs and low attornies, and often have both her daughter and myſelf ſuffered from her unnatural intrigues.

—In the month of November, 1789, it was neceſſary that I ſhould either ſurrender to Mr. Chambers, or ſettle the debts for which he was anſwerable. I therefore conſulted this female ſerpent, whom I had nurſed in my boſom to ſting me; ſhe gave it as her advice, that it would be prudent for me to call upon the plaintiff's attorney, who, ſhe was pleaſed to remark, would be happy to become one of my humble *ſlaves.* Eager to exonerate my good friend Mr. Chambers, from any danger, on my account, I applied to an attorney of Ely-place, and propoſed to give ſecurity for the debt in which he was concerned. This *accompliſhed limb of the law*, ſeeing me in a ſplendid equipage, agreed to accept my own terms, and inſinuated himſelf ſo far into my good opinion, that he afterwards completely ruined me, plundering me *of the laſt guinea.* I

have ſince learned that Mr. P——, in order to enhance his own coſts, made it his buſineſs to diſcover the credulous part of my creditors, whoſe debts being ſmall, were prevailed on to ſue me; and in one of theſe inſtances, I can atteſt that I was taken in execution for five pounds, and paid twenty for it. Fourteen days after I had agreed to employ Mr. P——, he delivered to me his bill of coſts, *modeſtly* making me his debtor two hundred and twenty-two pounds. I had, at this time, three hundred and fifty pounds to receive from Mr. Giffard, and as it was not immediately convenient for the latter gentleman to advance the money, I requeſted this virtuous practioner, this ornament of *attorneyſhip*, to wait a few weeks for payment; but he had far other views; he had a ſcheme in agitation, which entirely precluded all impertinent clamours of conſcience. He, as I have before obſerved, was inſtructed with my circumſtances, and while I was loaded with various debts, ſome of which were enormous, he took a lawyer-like and *conſcientious* advantage of my female weakneſs, ſeducing me to make over all the furniture of my houſe to him—a deluſion that

that finally led *to my deſtruction.* I could wiſh to ſpeak with moderation concerning this man, but my wrongs are ſuch, that, waving irony, I muſt intreat permiſſion to ſpeak with freedom. The very moment I had executed the bond which made him maſter of my effects, he ſent one *Roſs*, a ſheriff's officer, to take poſſeſſion of them, although he had given me his *ſacred word* OF HONOUR, that he would never proceed, unleſs to protect me from other executions. Not ſatisfied with this baſe and perfidious act, he was alſo the perſon who adviſed another creditor to ſue me for ſixty pounds. On hearing of this writ, I was obliged to take refuge in the verge of the court, and on the next day, when I ſent one of my ſervants to my houſe for a change of clothes, they were refuſed; the man in poſſeſſion ſignifying, that he had poſitive orders not to ſuffer any property to be taken out of the houſe. In this dilemma, I once more applied to my much valued and *never-failing friend*, Mr. G******, and received from him two hundred pounds, which I paid to this IMMACULATE *attorney*, requeſting he would withdraw the execution. He anſwered,

that

that the ſum was not ſufficient, (although he was pleaſed to take it) as his demand was now increaſed to fifty pounds more; therefore, he perſiſted in ſelling the effects, and I have never, to this hour, received any account from him, although it is pretty well known, that the produce of that ſale brought him a very conſiderable ſum of money, beſides the two hundred pounds I had before advanced him.

—His next object was my coach, but that he might get it in his poſſeſſion with as much *decency* as poſſible, he *affected* to ſecure to himſelf, by an aſſignment to a friend. Fool as I was, after my experience, I conſented to his propoſal, and had he deſired me to ſign my own death-warrant (ſuch was the *aſcendancy* he had then over me,) I verily believe that I ſhould have obeyed the proceedings of this VIRTUOUS practitioner.

I had not long executed the aſſignment, before my coach was ſeized in behalf of his brother-in-law, a linen-draper, and ſold (or rather given away) for one hundred and twenty pounds, although I had

had paid Mr. Godſal four hundred pounds for it, and never uſed it more than eight months.

—The next ſtep of this truly honeſt attorney was to get my perſon ſeized, and it is a fact well known, that the monſter, under pretence of taking me before the late Lord Chancellor, on buſineſs, ſold me to bailiffs. Thus I was arreſted, and dragged to a ſpunging-houſe, where I was locked up ſeven weeks; during which time, I employed myſelf in endeavouring to arrange my affairs. It was repeatedly propoſed to mę to make an application to my friends; but unaccuſtomed to ſolicit favours, I declined the propoſal, and reconciled myſelf to the idea of ending my days in a priſon.

—In this ſpunging-houſe I remained until Eaſter term, 1790, when I was compelled to take up my abode in the King's Bench: and now I conſider it a tribute of juſtice due from me not to confound the liberal creditor with the deſigning, wicked Shylocks who condemned me to priſon, having met with the greateſt indulgence and liberality from all my principal creditors. They

They who oppreſſed me were the perſons who had the leaſt right to do ſo; and, ſorry am I to ſay, to the utter diſgrace *of my own ſex*, that the two creditors whoſe cruelty and inflexible obſtinacy obliged me to continue *two years* in the King's Bench, were women, milliners; one of whom had been in the habit of cheating me for a number of years. When I balanced accounts with her, I had receipts for fourteen hundred pounds, and yet the conſcience of this *honeſt woman* (for ſhe is married) did not ſcruple to declare, that ſhe would never releaſe me, until I either paid three hundred pounds, or gave ſecurity for the like ſum.

—A young man of faſhion, who was at that time unable to extricate me out of my difficulties, wiſhed to awaken the feelings of this married *lady*, this paragon of her ſex! and intreated her to remember, that my ſituation claimed *ſome compaſſion*, for I was then pregnant with my youngeſt ſon, whom I mentioned in the beginning of theſe Memoirs. She replied, that it was quite immaterial whether I was brought to bed in a *priſon* or elſewhere.

elſewhere. Soaring above the feelings of humanity, this dealer in flimſy, ſmuggled commodities, perſiſted in purſuit of her dearly loved pelf, and forced me to endure all the miſeries of a loathſome jail. Torn from the boſom of my native country, I bore my ſorrows in ſilence, unknown, unpitied! having met with few friends diſintereſted enough to prove their regard while I was incapable of making them any return. Such is the inſtability of mankind! While we can adminiſter to their pleaſures, or gratify their vanity, they are our abject ſlaves; the ſcene once changed, then adieu to friendſhip! Thus ſituated, deſtitute of all ſupport, except ſuch as the precarious benevolence of a few friends allowed me, I was adviſed to ſue my huſband for a ſeparate maintenance, who, regardleſs of the ties of honour and duty, was publicly living with a woman of *notorious character*, whom he ſtill ſuffers to *aſſume my name*, and I am told he has even the indecency to introduce her into ſeveral reſpectable families, calling her his wife.* But to clear up the deception, I beg

*Mr. John Coghlan reſides in Cheſter Place, London, and the Iſle of Thanet, County of Kent.

beg leave to ſay, although it be *a title* I never ſought, it is my misfortune *ſtill to drag* thoſe horrid chains of matrimony and SLAVERY which never can be diſſolved but by *his* death or *mine.*

The action which I exhibited againſt him, proving, from the moſt reſpectable witneſſes, his cruelties, gained me the ſupport that my neceſſities then called for, but not before I had endured every miſery that hunger, cold and confinement could inflict.

Sir William Scott, the Judge of the Conſiſtory Court of London, ſentenced my huſband to allow me one hundred and ſeventy pounds a year, during the time that our cauſe was depending. He refuſing to comply with the decree, was publicly excommunicated in his own pariſh church, St. George's, Hanover-ſquare. Under theſe deplorable circumſtances, the time now approached when I was to ſuffer ten thouſand additional horrors :—My friends, more anxious to preſerve my life than I was, had provided a gentleman of the faculty to attend me during my lying-in : when

when I was taken ill he was ſent for, who being from home could not reach the King's Bench before ten o'clock. At that hour it is the conſtant and often *fatal* practice to ſhut the gates, whereby many an innocent and valuable life has been loſt. Any attempt to break through this barbarous cuſtom would have been vain. The life of a woman is not conſidered as worth preſervation at the expence of breaking through the eſtabliſhed rules of a jail. Nevertheleſs, humanity bleeds in reflecting on theſe abuſes, ſanctioned by law, which are ſtill allowed to exiſt without an effort from thoſe in whom the power is veſted to remove them.

In this critical and lamentable ſtate I remained ſeveral hours, ſtruggling with death. The only profeſſional man in the place was a very young ſurgeon, who at firſt offered his aſſiſtance, but afterwards declined it, conſidering my ſituation too dangerous for him to be of any ſervice; however, his delicacy was afterwards over-ruled, and, owing to his kind interference, I was ſnatched from death, to be reſerved for a ſeries

of new calamities. Delivered from the agonies of child-bed, my infant was ſuffered to remain naked for two days; for, alas! the unfortunate mother had not clothes even for herſelf!—In this deplorable ſtate we both continued, till an unknown friend, touched with compaſſion, remitted me a few guineas.

I ſhould commit an injury againſt my own feelings, if I did not here declare, that I have every reaſon to believe myſelf indebted for this humane act to Mr. Walker, the late Marſhal of the King's Bench, as I afterwards experienced from him every kind attention poſſible for one fellow-creature to ſhew another.—May I, on this occaſion, be permitted to hold forth myſelf as an example to the giddy, diſſipated fair ones of my ſex, now, perhaps, in full enjoyment of the ſmiles and adulation of men? Beware, then, ye lovely victims of their crocodile careſſes! while the ſunſhine of fortune beams around you—while the bloom of beauty laſts and the charms of novelty hold their ſway, waſte not your precious hours in unprofitable idleneſs and wild extravagance;

extravagance: make the falſe diſſemblers, while they pay homage to your beauty, provide alſo for your intereſt: lay up ſtores againſt a *rainy day*. I, like you, when I thought myſelf beloved, now too late diſcover that all was flattery: the tempeſt came unexpectedly on—none of my gay friends approached at my bidding—I was left to bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm in a horrid jail, naked and pennileſs, with a new-born infant at my breaſt, crying for the ſuſtenance that famiſhed nature refuſed! and when my former gay companions, on whom I vainly thought I could depend, kept all aloof, I was relieved, at laſt, by the fortuitous generoſity of an utter ſtranger. Let me hope, therefore, my fate will ſerve as a leſſon to others, that they may not founder on the rock on which I am wrecked.—

Five weeks after my lying-in, a meſſage came from Mr. Walker, ſignifying that he wiſhed to ſee me: I was ſhewn to his houſe, where, after lamenting, in the kindeſt terms, the hardſhips I had ſuffered, he declared how much he was concerned to ſee in a priſon a woman, who, he was pleaſed

pleaſed to ſay, deſerved a better fate; and, at the ſame time, with a delicacy peculiar to liberal minds, and incompatible, one ſhould have thought, with his ſituation, intreated me to accept a trifle as a pledge of his friendſhip,—giving into my hand a piece of paper, which, on my return to my apartment, I found to contain three guineas, with theſe lines:—"Never, while "you remain here, neglect applying to me in "your moments of pecuniary want."—My adverſe ſtars ſoon deprived me of this new friend, who was, ſhortly afterwards, ſeized with a fever, which carried him off in a few days, leaving behind an amiable character, well worthy of his ſucceſſor's imitation. May he, like Mr. Walker, remember, that he is placed in a ſituation where he has all the moſt important duties of humanity to perform, and in which a neglect of them would be ſtill more criminal than the juſt and liberal performance of them would be amiable and meritorious. Nevertheleſs, I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, ſpeaking of the King's Bench priſon, (and I am told other priſons are ſtill more wretched) that the evil exiſts in itſelf; and although

though a jailor may certainly correct the horrors of the ſyſtem, yet it is impoſſible for him effectually to remove it. The corruptions of a jail, according to the preſent eſtabliſhment, call aloud for legiſlative interference; and while ſuch corruptions are acknowledged on all ſides, there can be only one reaſon why no attempt is made to deſtroy them, and that is the immenſe emoluments derived therefrom by the principal and ſubaltern practitioners of the law. It is not the partial deluſive ſcheme of oppreſſion againſt a few wretched attornies that can produce any material benefit; it may ſerve as a temporary manœuvre to reconcile us to the barbarous practice a little while longer. But the whole augean ſtable muſt be cleanſed. It is not the *petty rogue* that conſtitutes the great nuiſance: we muſt go through all the different gradations of the infamy before we can hope to render any effectual ſervice: experience enables me to ſpeak with deciſion on this ſubject, and all I can ſay is, that if every other department of government is in the ſame corrupt ſtate, as that of which I am now ſpeaking,

ſpeaking, we are in a deplorable condition indeed.

Having imbibed my political principles at an early age, amongſt citizens ſtruggling for freedom, and where now every individual is equally privileged, and equally protected by the law, I cannot but inveigh againſt partial immunities, and the propenſity which the Engliſh people betray to deprive their fellow-creatures of that liberty of which they ſo inconſiſtently boaſt. Not but a rational diſcrimination ought neceſſarily to be kept up between fraud and imprudence, villany and misfortune; nothing can more fully demonſtrate the negligence and inſenſibility of government than that they ſhould be confounded indiſcriminately together, that no diſtinction ſhould be made between them: yet ſuch moſt unfortunately is the caſe, and what aggravates, beyond meaſure, this grievance, is, that the man who enters a priſon, honeſt and virtuous, ſeldom fails, during his abode therein, to contract the vileſt habits, and to be ever after unfit for ſociety.

Thus it is the height of impolicy and cruelty to

to make no diſtinction between the unfortunate debtor and the deſigning fraudulent ſwindler; for, although the juſtice of the legiſlature ſhould provide a puniſhment for the one, a certain and more lenient degree of protection than has hitherto been adopted, ought ſurely to be held out to the other. But the intereſt of lawyers does not require ſuch diſcriminations to be made, and therefore it is judged right, that things ſhould remain as they are. They forever tell us, they cannot be better.

How long will this infatuation laſt! Oh Engliſhmen! let it no more be ſaid, that, with paſſive, ignoble tameneſs, ye ſuffered a ſervile race of mercenary, corrupt, vindictive lawyers, to forge the chains of hard captivity for your free-born limbs! ye have a conſtitution, whoſe leading principle, ye are told, is liberty, ſacred, immortal liberty! ye have a king, who is ſaid ardently to deſire the proſperity of all his people. Cheriſh, then, this ſacred principle of your conſtitution; accompliſh the deſires of your virtuous king; rouze from your torpor; the lion ſlumbereth,

bereth, he is not dead; but, oh! whenever he ſhall awake, whenever his wrath ſhall be kindled, let him know to diſtinguiſh in his rage; let none but the guilty bleed!

The news of Mr. Walker's ſudden death cauſed me many poignant reflections; as the horrors of confinement were, in ſome meaſure, leſſened, while I conſidered myſelf under the cuſtody of that gentleman, and not under the controul of a mercenary jailor; for this lucrative ſinecure (ſuch in fact it is) too generally falls to the lot (I say it without meaning to offend any individual) of the moſt worthleſs or inſignificant characters: men, not ſelected from any particular merit that would render them fit for the office; not diſtinguiſhed for their diſintereſtedneſs, charity, or diligent attention to the wants and morals of the priſoners; but appointed merely as relations, or dependants, on my Lord Chief Juſtice of the day, who, for the moſt part, (if not always) takes care to ſaddle them with a VERY HEAVY RIDER.

Soon after Mr. Walker's death, the arrival in England of my amiable friend, the father of my children,

children, revived my hopes, nor were they diſappointed. He at once adminiſtered to my wants, and cheered my ſorrows. The excellence of Mr. B******'s heart, was my ſecurity with him againſt thoſe frivolous and ungenerous excuſes, which, in the hour of adverſity, it has been my lot to receive from ſo many others, whom alſo I had once thought my friends: he embraced the earlieſt opportunity of viſiting me in my confinement, and inſtantly took the children under his protection; the youngeſt of whom was, at that time, only three months old. It is a very harſh trait in the human creature, (nevertheleſs, I fear it is too faithful a one,) that calumny is, generally, the moſt buſy againſt thoſe who moſt want comfort and protection.

While I was ſuffering all the complicated miſeries of a loathſome jail, inſinuations to my diſadvantage were moſt malignantly and induſtriouſly propagated, with the cruel deſign of ruining me in the opinion and affection of this my beſt friend; but, ſuperior to all illiberal prejudice, and making every allowance for my ſolitary and unhappy ſitua-

tion, he would not conſent to abandon me, ſo that theſe cruel efforts of my enemies, moſt of whom I have diſcovered to exiſt in the circle of my own acquaintance, ended in diſappointment and abortion; and I ingeniouſly confeſs, that my vanity exulted in the triumph which I achieved on this occaſion, and my heart was preſerved from the ſhock it would have ſuſtained, had the father of my children, to complete the ſum of my misfortunes, withdrawn his countenance and affection from them; but, I truſt in Providence that I am not reſerved for this additional calamity!—Mr. B******'s finances could by no means keep pace with the liberality of his mind, and in my diſtreſſed circumſtances it was abſolutely neceſſary to find out ſome other ſource of relief: I therefore, in the month of March, 1791, (Mr. Coghlan being then involved in a law-ſuit with his niece, Lady Blake) by the advice of my proctor, (Mr. Walker, of Doctors Commons) petitioned the Court of Delegates, before whom the ſaid cauſe was to be heard. A petition from his wife, dated from a priſon, to which his brutality had condemned her, alarmed his tender feelings; and thus,

thus, as I have already obſerved, I obtained a preſent ſupply, and a promiſe of an adequate ſettlement, on condition that I would withdraw the petition. To this I conſented, and the reſult of my compliance was, a mutual agreement to execute articles of ſeparation, which are, *moreover* and *nevertheleſs*, as the gentlemen of the robe are pleaſed to term it, only during our mutual pleaſure; the laſt clauſe of my deed of ſettlement compelling me *to return home to this kind, affectionate huſband* whenever his caprice ſhould induce him to require it.

Thus ſeparated from him, on the 26th of December, 1791, I received ſecurity for an annuity of an hundred pounds for my life, ſubject to the condition above mentioned. But, alas! I had no ſooner obtained it, than the accompliſhed, virtuous milliner who had ſo eſſentially contributed to my diſtreſſes, by encouraging me in that ſtupid ſyſtem of extravagance on which her preſent fortune was raiſed, and which exalted her to the enviable rank of an honeſt married lady, like a tygreſs darting upon the wretched victim of her ſavage

ſavage appetite, ſeized on me, inſiſting that I ſhould give immediate ſecurity for her debt—a debt contracted for *gew-gaw frippery and tinſelled, flimſy trumpery*. I had already, in the courſe of a very ſhort time, paid this *harpy* fourteen hundred pounds, for articles of this like deſcription. The humane reader will revolt with abhorrence on finding that this woman, after ſuch emoluments derived from my folly, ſhould proceed againſt me for another debt of *three hundred pounds*, which, I am morally convinced, I did not owe; but for which ſhe abſolutely compelled me to aſſign over fifty pounds a year of my annuity to her, for the four enſuing years, which now helps to ſupport her and a banker's clerk, whom ſhe has lately taken to her *virtuous bed*, in the eaſe and luxury which they ſeem to enjoy. When it is remembered how many unfortunate, unexperienced women this extortioner has plundered, not only with impunity but ſucceſs—how many wretched female captives ſhe has held (and I believe ſtill holds) in jail—the fortune ſhe has acquired by conſtant impoſitions on youthful folly and credulity,—it muſt excite regret that there are no laws

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in force to ſtop the depredations of ſimilar miſcreants, almoſt as great nuiſances in ſociety as thoſe low pettyfogging attornies with whom, for the moſt part, they are connected, and between whom ſuch an attractive ſympathy exiſts. For my own part, I am ſo well acquainted with their enormous charges, and the fatal conſequences of them, that I would rather truſt for mercy to the tenderneſs of a wolf, than to a civilized barbarian like the lady of whom I am now ſpeaking; and I am convinced, from woeful experience, that the generality of perſons in trade, with whom unprotected females have any pecuniary dealings, would be over-paid in receiving one third of their overcharged, extravagant demands.—The reader may believe this picture exaggerated, but I can aſſure him *it is not;* hundreds of thoughtleſs women, beſides myſelf, having fallen within her ſnares, and from her may date their ruin. To her alone I am indebted for *two years* cloſe confinement in a jail, where wretchedneſs and vice of every deſcription rule triumphant—where no remedy is applied to the relief of one, or the ſuppreſſion of the other—where every comfort, every virtue,

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is left to depend on the guinea in our pockets, and where they who have it not have only the caſual charity of priſoners themſelves to depend on.

There, even in that gloomy manſion! I have often beheld vice and inſenſibility triumphant; virtue and tenderneſs of heart dejected and in tears. The unfortunate friend, whoſe amiable confidence has involved him in debts he was unable to pay, I have here beheld languiſhing, in want of thoſe neceſſaries which in happier days he himſelf had ſo freely adminiſtered to others. The veteran ſoldier, all covered with wounds which he had received in battle in the ſervice of his king, I have there beheld dying with hunger, naked and forſaken, caſt on the common ſide, a prey to filth and vermin, too proud and conſcious of his own merit to expoſe his emaciated forlorn figure to the curious reſearches of his fellow priſoners, chuſing rather to die than truſt to precarious bounty, ſenſible of his juſt claims on thoſe with whom pity, alas! is ſo ſeldom reſident. During my reſidence in the King's Bench, the gallant Captain

Captain Abbot, of the royal artillery, than whom no man in the army had ever ſerved with more diſtinguiſhed merit, died, literally in that priſon, through want, in the ſituation which I have deſcribed. This brave man had a wife and three children, who were all drowned on their voyage from America. But all *his ſufferings*, all his ſervices, were of no avail! he was thus left to die without a ſingle enquiry from the part of government concerning him; and to the immortal honour of a noble Duke, (M——r G——l of the ordnance) taken advantage of his impriſonment, he ſuſpended him from his ſituation, as captain in the royal artillery. Oh! that I could for ever efface the dreadful ſcene from my memory! as it was my misfortune to have known the gentleman of whom I now ſpeak in America, but the impreſſion is too deep on my heart.

Shortly after the death of this my lamented friend, I obtained my releaſe from the King's Bench, but not from the liberality of thoſe who confined me; on the contrary, I was under the neceſſity of pleading my coverture in the Court of

of King's Bench, where I obtained a rule of court to ſet aſide a deed which I had formerly ſigned, and which my ſituation as a married woman made illegal. Thus I was for a time liberated from confinement, and in the month of January following I had occaſion to ſummon up all my fortitude. Although ſuperſtition be a failing to which I am by no means addicted, ſtill the following circumſtance may, in the opinion of ſome, expoſe me to the ſuſpicion of being under the influence of that frailty:—In all my days of diſſipated pleaſure and heart-rending afflictions, never did an hour paſs that my father did not preſent himſelf to my imagination. At this time I dreamed I beheld his funeral, with my youngeſt brother as his chief mourner, and on the coffin of the deceaſed lay a bleeding heart. This dream made ſuch an effect upon my ſenſes, that no perſon could induce me to believe my father was not actually dead; and ſuch was the aſcendency of my fears, that I abſolutely put on deep mourning on the occaſion. In my ſable robes I one day met Colonel Small, (an old friend of my father's) who expreſſed much ſurpriſe

priſe on ſeeing me arrayed in theſe melancholy emblems of grief, and inquired into the cauſe. I replied, it were not from theſe outward ſigns of ſorrow he was to judge, as what I ſuffered for the loſs of a much loved father ſurpaſſed all ſhew. The Colonel anſwered, "Your father is "in perfect health, as I am informed by Colonel "Kemble, who received letters from him early "in December."

It was a vain attempt of his friends to perſuade me; the dream had made ſuch a deep impreſſion on my mind that I perſiſted to expreſs a certain conviction that he was dead, and gone to receive the reward of his many virtues; and, alas! the following month realized my fatal apprehenſions reſpecting his death, as he had finiſhed his mortal career on the 10th of December, 1791, in the city of New-York, having burſt an artery of his heart.

To leave the world with the high reputation which he enjoyed, ſhould ever be the bright emulation of man. He was univerſally and

moſt juſtly beloved by all who knew him. His remains were followed to the grave by three hundred people, his pall borne by eight of the principal gentlemen of New-York; and he was interred in Trinity Church, in the ſame tomb with his friend Colonel Maitland, uncle to Lord Lauderdale, who, in dying, made it the laſt requeſt that his aſhes ſhould be mixed with my father's.—How different the end of his near relation and friend, the late Colonel Moncrieffe,[22] lately killed, fighting in the cauſe of the combined powers, before the walls of Dunkirque!—His kindneſs to me was never interrupted. He was wont to ſympathiſe with my ſorrows, and to take compaſſion on my follies: and it was ſo much the more cruel that I ſhould loſe him at a moment when *friends* are ſo very, very ſcarce. Oh! that I could have evinced my gratitude by attending the brave dying ſoldier in his laſt moments! I would have bound his bleeding wound, and, without reſpect to political opinions, dropping the ſympathetic tear over his mangled corpſe, have cheerfully braved the danger that put a period to his exiſtence!

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My father's death now drew upon me once more the attention of my creditors, who always conſidered me entitled to a fortune when that event ſhould take place. But ſuch was the hapleſs fate of the ſurviving children of this gallant hero, that they diſcovered the reward of their parent's loyalty to be—a total deprivation of all his property in America!—I had been only four months releaſed from a long and dreadful confinement, inflicted on me by the laws of a free country, when I was again arreſted, and committed, for the ſecond time, a priſoner to the King's Bench; and, however repugnant to my own feelings, I found myſelf under the neceſſity of defending the unjuſt actions for which I was confined. In one of theſe cauſes I had occaſion for more courage than I naturally poſſeſſed; but, ſupported by an honeſt, upright heart, I undauntedly repaired to the Court of King's Bench to meet my opponents, relying upon the candour of that honourable tribunal to afford me that juſtice which I claimed. Had my purſuit, like that of Diogenes, been ſeeking for an honeſt man, I ſhould not, perhaps, have explored a court of law,

law, wherein to find ſo rare an object: however, in the midſt of my embarraſſment and confuſion, excited by the cauſe which brought me there, and by the indecent, impertinent queſtions put to me by the plaintiff's counſel, Mr. M——, I felt myſelf much relieved by the able defence made in my favour by that ornament of his profeſſion, Mr. Erſkine.[23]

It is much to be lamented, that barriſters, in the courſe of their profeſſional purſuits, ſhould conſider themſelves warranted in tormenting witneſſes, (however reſpectable or entitled to their compaſſion) by the moſt cruel and irrevalent queſtions: I am ſorry to obſerve, that the habitual practices of Mr. M—— expoſe him, perhaps, more than any other of his profeſſion, to this cenſure. In ſaying this, I am aware that I ſay a great deal, but the little indulgence ſhewn to me by this advocate, under the moſt trying circumſtances, warrants more than I have ſaid; and it will be a ſatisfaction to me if this ſhould ever reach him, and he ſhould profit by the rebuke.

My

My brother, Edward Cornwallis Moncrieffe, of the ſixtieth regiment, now on half pay, could not be an idle ſpectator of my misfortunes. With him I continued in correſpondence; he pitied my diſtreſs, and generouſly offered to divide his fortune with me, provided my creditors would conſent to ſign in my favour a letter of licence for a few years. At the ſame time he advanced a ſum of money to raiſe my drooping head, and to ſooth the miſeries of the King's Bench priſon. That heart which has ever made me an unſuſpecting, unhappy victim to the overreaching tricks of lawyers, again expoſed me to ſuffer from them. The *vileſt* of this profeſſion are thoſe who promiſe the *faireſt;* and hence I again employed one of theſe hopeful plunderers of ſociety, thoſe pettyfoggers who live upon the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate, to defend the remaining actions for which I was confined, and to effect my liberation gave him ſixty pounds of the money that had been given me by my brother; but, inſtead of purſuing *my* intereſt in the friendly manner I had a right to expect, the money was devoted to pay a debt wherein I ſuppoſe his own intereſt

intereſt was concerned. On this my brother again wrote to me, deſiring me to take a copy of my grandfather's will out of Doctors Commons: with his deſire I complied, and for this ſervice I was indebted to my much eſteemed friend, Mr. Walker, the proctor; and as the teſtator, my grandfather, left a large property in Hampſhire, I found it neceſſary to viſit that place. I therefore perſiſted in making every effort to emancipate myſelf from the King's Bench, and in conſequence obtained what I deſired. Therefore, laſt July I left town to pay a viſit to my mother's relations, who reſide at Portſmouth and in its neighbourhood. Soon after my arrival there I made it my buſineſs to make every enquiry after my grandfather's property, and conſidered it neceſſary to preſent my claim.

The gentleman who has ſo *honourably* poſſeſſed himſelf of the ſaid eſtates is my couſin; but when I inform the reader that he is a *lawyer*, it will be a ſufficient apology for his too ſcrupulous delicacy of conſcience. This new-found relation affected to receive me with extreme tenderneſs, invited me

me to ſee the pictures of all my anceſtors, and gave me every encouragement to ſue for my grandfather's *paternal* eſtate in Scotland, which he informed me had been ſeized by a diſtant relation, under the ſuppoſition that all our grandfather's deeds, &c. were loſt with his widow, at the time ſhe was drowned; but, on my obſerving that I had a copy of his will, proved in the prerogative court, which abſolutely entitles myſelf and my brother to all his property, wherever we could find it, the honeſt lawyer ſeemed alarmed, particularly as I aſſured him my brother was determined to inſtitute a ſuit in chancery for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing his claim.

My female couſins were the firſt to take alarm on my account, and they even went ſo far as to declare me an impoſtor. Thus I was under the neceſſity of applying to Colonel Mulcaſter, commandant engineer at Portſmouth, who was, during my father's life-time, one of his friends, and who knew me from my childhood. From him I obtained a certificate that I was the real daughter of Major Moncrieffe, and wife to Mr. John Coghlan.

Coghlan. Thus having it in my power to confute the calumnies of *my good couſins*, I waited on a very near relation, a Captain in the royal navy, a gentleman diſtinguiſhed for his maritime ſkill, and not leſs ſo for his private virtues. To him I confided my unhappy ſtory, and received from him the advice to which adverſity is entitled, but which it rarely receives. Platonic friendſhip men are apt to hold in mockery; and thence I was very ſoon accuſed of having kindled tenderer ſenſations in the boſom of my couſin, merely becauſe he was a young widower, and had given me an invitation to his houſe, in which he offered me a ſecure retreat—an aſylum from every future *ſtorm:* and with this honeſt ſeaman I hoped to paſs the remainder of my days, bleſſed with the affectionate ſmiles of *virtuous friendſhip*. But, alas! how tranſitory, how vain have my purſuits after tranquility and happineſs been! I ever have graſped at a ſhadow—the ſubſtance I could never attain. The paths of life are ſtrewed with thorns, and when we even gather the roſe, we are unconſcious for the moment of the briars that grow beneath it, and which, in one moment, deſtroy

ſtroy the fugitive phantom that our imagination had raiſed.—This friend, who commanded a firſt rate man of war, was ordered to the Weſt-Indies.

I now received an invitation from two aunts, who lived nine miles from Portſmouth. On my introduction to theſe good women, I, who ever deteſt falſehood, candidly acquainted them with every circumſtance of my life; and my mournful tale had ſuch an effect, that I was bedewed with the affectionate tears of two relations, my mother's ſiſters: They accuſed my huſband as the author of all my ſorrows, and were kind enough to obſerve, that a woman poſſeſſing ſuch ſenſibility never could, *from choice*, purſue the dangerous paths of vice. Alas! had it been my good fortune to have diſcovered theſe amiable women when firſt I fatally left my unkind huſband's roof, what miſery ſhould I have avoided! With them the beauty I poſſeſſed would have ſerved to make me an object of tenderneſs and compaſſion, at the ſame time that it would have ſet them on their guard againſt the ſnares placed againſt me. With them I might have reſided free from guilt, and my heart, from

their inſtructions and example, would have learned to pity and to pardon even the faults of *him* to whom the cuſtoms of religion, although now ſo faſhionably neglected, had united me.

When I returned to Portſmouth, the abſence of my dear relation made me reſolve to leave that place. I went therefore to Southampton, intending to make that town and Wincheſter my route to London. In the courſe of my journey I met with the Reverend Mr. Radcliffe, brother to Mr. Fazakerley: the former gentleman ever ſhared my eſteem, and I only with Fortune had been more ſparing of her favours to one brother, and more liberal to *him* who moſt deſerved them. When I arrived at Southampton, it was impoſſible to obtain lodgings, the place was ſo crouded. The arrival of a certain wealthy Lord, of Jewiſh extraction, had thrown the town into a ſtate of confuſion;—not from any extraordinary merit his Lordſhip poſſeſſed,—not from any extraordinary ſtrength of mind or body, like his name-ſake *Sampſon*, the Jew of antiquity; but from that reſpect which riches always attract, even when virtue

virtue and wiſdom fail. Of this *accompliſhed, new-made* peer, it was my intention to have given the reader a finiſhed portrait; but his Lordſhip, conſcious of his own *excellencies*, through a ſingular and meritorious delicacy, has entreated me to be ſilent on this ſubject. As generoſity has ever been the leading feature in my character, I will ſpare his exquiſite ſenſibility the recital of thoſe ſcenes in which he occaſionally plays ſuch a diſtinguiſhed part, and in which he is reported ſo capitally to excel.—At Wincheſter my eyes were attracted by the number of poor French emigrants who reſide in that city, ſix hundred and thirty of whom are daily fed by public ſubſcription, and lodged in a palace of the moſt liberal and charitable prince that ever graced the throne of Great-Britain.—In London, the firſt ſcene that preſented itſelf was a priſon, to which place my old acquaintances, the ſheriff's officers, without ceremony, conducted me. From thence I was almoſt inſtantly releaſed, by the well-timed bounty of a perfect ſtranger: on thanking this ſtranger for his goodneſs, and requeſting to know his name, he declined telling me to whom I was obliged, remarking,

remarking, that he felt a ſufficient reward to reſcue a pretty woman from the confines of a priſon. This generous benefactor paid above forty pounds for my liberty, and I have never ceaſed to lament that I ſtill am ignorant of his place of reſidence; that by a diſcovery of the latter, I might offer him the juſt tribute of a ſincerely grateful heart. The object of his goodneſs, however, was not accompliſhed, for ſuch generoſity only provokes freſh attacks from the watchful creditor and his nefarious attorney. Arreſt after arreſt purſues me, from a hope that friends will not permit me to remain long in confinement. My whole debts it is impoſſible for me to pay, as they almoſt all ariſe from folly and extravagance, and far exceed my means; but on calculating all *my real debts*, I am certain four hundred pounds would diſcharge them. But to raiſe that ſum, where is my hope? Alas! I have no other than in the gallantry and liberality of the Britiſh nation—a nation that ſtands eminently conſpicuous on the rolls of fame for acts of charity and munificence! But let not oſtentatious deeds, rehearſed with all the pomp of declamation and public acclaim, impede

pede the milder but not leſs meritorious performance of private benevolence :—I was nurſed in the lap of luxury—my mind ſoftened, and perhaps in ſome degree debauched by early enjoyments. In thoſe hours I never wanted friends; it is only *now* that they keep far off! But let me hope this faint effort of a very imperfect pen, of one unuſed to literary eſſays, may ſtill produce the means of ſoothing thoſe ſorrows by which her life has of late been embittered. She ſubmits her ſimple narrative to the public, and particularly to that circle of ſociety in which ſhe herſelf was wont to figure with ſome degree of eclat. Let it not be ſaid, that ſhe who never ſued in vain in the ſoft hours of luxurious dalliance, ſhould now apply in vain, when ſhe is fain to believe that ſhe exhibits ſome teſtimony of her claim to their protection.

Other female candidates for their favour have formerly appealed to their generous indulgence; moſt of them alſo were, like her, unfortunate. It would ill become the author to ſay, if their pretentions were *worſe* or *better* founded; as far as

as her own opinion goes, the *wretched* are equally entitled to the patronage of the *rich;* the only diſtinction which ought to be made conſiſts in this undeniable truth—the more wretched the individual, the more forcible that individual's claims. On this ground her pretenſions are indiſputable: but ſhe has others, and ſhe ſubmits them, not only to the nation at large, but to the conſideration of that *great perſonage*, within whoſe reach ſhe ſincerely hopes that her poor Memoirs may fall. Let him reflect, that ſhe is of a family diſtinguiſhed for their loyalty to *his perſon* and government—ſeveral of whom have bled, and ſome have died in his ſervice. Ah! let not the ſources of royal munificence be dried up! let the daughter of a man, known in perſon by his merit, not ſolicit in vain from the fountain of all mercy, or at leaſt from that fountain where mercy ought to flow! Amidſt the ſevere examples of puniſhment (perhaps of *neceſſary* puniſhment) that we now behold, let them not be unaccompanied with ſome few partial acts of Heaven-born Charity. The ſubject of theſe Memoirs is in deep diſtreſs —diſtreſs unknown to palaces, and may it never approach

approach them! But, if the higheſt ranks keep aloof from poverty, where, alas! is it to ſeek a ſhelter? Let us look to the ſad reverſes incidental to the human lot: not long ſince, when the lofty turrets of Verſailles ſeemed, as it were, to touch the ſkies—when the gay, thoughtleſs inhabitants thereof, perhaps too neglectful of thoſe dreadful ſcenes that ſurrounded their gorgeous palaces, little dreamt of what was to befal them!—had they diſplayed more zeal, had they ſhewn more attention to private or public woe, it is not unlikely that all which has happened, and all which is likely to happen, might have been avoided.

In this country, renowned for its free and equal laws, where we are told there are no diſtinctions, let not Poverty be ſuffered to rear her ghaſtly mien; let not the free-born ſpirit ſink under the depreſſion of indigence! It is ſuch dreadful abuſes that damp the ardour of patriotic loyalty, and inſpire diſguſt where all elſe would be zeal and gratitude.

It has been too often and barbarouſly alledged, that

that perſons bring their misfortunes on themſelves, and therefore are entitled to no indulgence. Let ſuch cruel, unjuſt objections be ſcouted: they are the ſpurious, miſerable objections of proud Proſperity: Humanity rejects them. Are no allowances to be made for the frailties of inexperienced, unprotected youth? Are the perſons who raiſe the objection exempt from thoſe very frailties they impute to others? Oh, no! but riches and power yield a ſhelter againſt every enormity.

"Clothe ſin with robes,
"And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
"Clothe it in rags,
"A pigmies ſtraw does break it;
"Robes and fur gowns hide all." *

Such are the pitiful pretexts of Avarice, invented by Opulence, againſt the claims of Poverty!

If the throne would ſet an illuſtrious example, and attempt to deſtroy that inequality of condition which now prevails, revolutions would be no longer heard of, miſery be baniſhed from the earth, the temptations to vice would be done away, and the frivolous definitions of monarchies and

* Shakeſpear.

and republics would excite no diſcuſſion; men would rejoice under thoſe governmtnes where they found liberty beſt protected.—In England, the ſovereign has undoubtedly many virtues; no perſon, perhaps, has fewer vices: but *kings* ſhould never neglect the opportunity of doing good. Negative praiſe is rarely beneficial; but active virtue is what the world, according to its preſent conſtitution, requires.

Princes are conſidered as Gods; they ſhould at leaſt act like men. What is the firſt duty of man? To relieve the wants of his fellow creatures, to prevent thoſe horrible ſcenes of diſtreſs which hourly preſent themſelves.

In England we all look up to the throne as the focus where every virtue is or ought to be concentered; there we admire private œconomy, connubial fidelity, domeſtic accompliſhments, and honourable punctuality! It were to be lamented, that an inattention to the calamities of the public, or even of private individuals, fallen within its knowledge, ſhould obſcure the luſtre of thoſe virtues.

Example and experience are two inſtructive monitors: the people are *led* by one, and princes ſhould *profit* by the other.

The vices or virtues of the community depend on the governments under which they live. "When the righteous are in authority, the people "rejoice; but when the wicked are in power, the "people mourn."

How incumbent, therefore, is it in princes to profit from experience, to inculcate good examples: in that caſe we ſhould be no longer melancholy witneſſes to the horrors that have been deſcribed; no longer that diſcord and diſſention would prevail in ſociety which threaten the very exiſtence of the actual eſtabliſhments! we ſhould be all leagued in one bond of confraternity; and the author of theſe ſheets, without having been condemned to weep over ſo many of her family, fallen in the wars of Britain, would have eſcaped thoſe terrible ſtripes of miſery which ſhe, in her own perſon, has ſuffered.

May the repreſentation of God on earth, in theſe

theſe realms, yield to the voice of univerſal mercy; and may *he*, amidſt the general impulſe, extend its rays to her, than whom none can have more forcible claims on the ſcore of want, or on the merits of her worthy and loyal family!

December 7, 1793.

FINIS.

NOTES.

(1.) RICHARD MONTGOMERY was born at Convoy Houſe, the ſeat of his father, Thomas Montgomery, near Raphoe, County Donegal, on the 22d of December, 1736. Before he was eighteen years old he obtained a commiſſion in the Britiſh Army, and in 1757 commenced his career of active ſervice in America, and at the ſiege of Louiſburg, in 1758, and elſewhere, gave evidence of high military capacity. Several years after his return to Ireland he endeavored to ſecure his promotion to a majority; failing in this purſuit, he ſold his commiſſion, and in 1772 emigrated to America, renewed his former acquaintance with the family of Robert R. Livingſton, and in Auguſt, 1773, married his eldeſt daughter Janet, the ſiſter of Chancellor Livingſton. He never intended to draw his ſword again, and wiſhed for retirement; but when the Revolutionary War broke out, he immediately engaged in it, and was appointed one of the Eighth Brigadier-Generals to ſerve in the newly-organized army of the United Colonies.

He was immediately attached to the larger of the two diviſions ſent to Canada in the ſummer of 1775, and early in September found himſelf in front of the fortreſs of St. Johns. Schuyler becoming ill, and having returned to Albany, Montgomery aſſumed the command of the diviſion, and by a ſeries of well-directed movements, ſucceſſively acquired poſſeſſion of Chambly, St. Johns and Montreal, and in November became the maſter of a great part of Canada. On the third of December, at Point Aux Trombles, he made a junction with Arnold, and about noon on the fifth Montgomery appeared before Quebec, to take the ſtrongeſt fortified city in America, defended by more than 200 cannons and a garriſon of twice the number of beſiegers. Upon their arrival before the town, Montgomery wrote a letter to the Governor, magnifying his own ſtrength, ſtating the weakneſs of the garriſon, and demanding an immediate ſurrender to avoid the dreadful conſequences of a ſtorm; but Caſleton refuſed to hold any communication with

him, and every effort at correſpondence with the citizens failed. He therefore commenced a bombardment with five ſmall mortars, which continued ſeveral days, but did no eſſential injury to the garriſon. In a few days Montgomery opened a ſix-gun battery, at about ſeven hundred yards diſtance from the walls, but his metal was too light to produce any conſiderable effect.

In the meantime the ſnow lay deep upon the ground, and the ſeverity of the climate was ſuch that human nature ſeemed incapable of withſtanding its force in the field. The hardſhips and fatigues which the American ſoldiers underwent, both from the ſeaſon and the ſmallneſs of their numbers, ſeemed incredible, and could only be endured from their enthuſiaſtic adherence to their cauſe, and through the affection or eſteem which they bore to their General. This conſtancy muſt however fail, if the evils were increaſed, or too long continued. The time for which many of the ſoldiers had engaged was expiring, and Montgomery felt that ſomething deciſive must be immediately done, or that the benefit of his paſt ſucceſſes would, in a great degree, be loſt to the cauſe in which he was engaged, and his own renown, which now ſhone in great luſtre, be dimmed, if not obſcured. He knew the Americans would conſider Quebec as taken from the inſtant that they heard of his arrival before it, and therefore determined upon a deſperate attempt to take the place by eſcalade.

As the time for the aſſault drew near, three captains in Arnold's battalion created diſſenſion, and ſhowed a mutinous diſaffection to the ſervice. Montgomery addreſſed the officers, and his words recalled them to their duty, but hurried him into a reſolution to attempt capturing Quebec before the firſt of January, when his legal authority over the moſt of his men would ceaſe.

A council of war was held on Chriſtmas, and agreed to a night attack on the lower town. While he was making the neceſſary preparations for this purpoſe, it is ſaid that the garriſon received intelligence of it from ſome deſerters, ſo that every preparation was made againſt a ſurpriſe. Early in the morning of the laſt day of the year, and under cover of a violent ſnow ſtorm, he proceeded to this arduous attempt, and that the troops might recognize one another, each ſoldier wore in his cap a piece of white paper, on which ſome of them wrote "Liberty or death."

He had diſpoſed of his little army in four diviſions, of which two carried

on falſe attacks againſt the upper town, whilſt himſelf and Arnold conducted two real againſt oppoſite parts of the lower. By this means the alarm was general, and might have diſconcerted the moſt experienced troops. The General, who reſerved for his own party leſs than three hundred Yorkers, led them, in Indian file, from head-quarters at Holland House to Wolfe's Cave, and then about two miles further along the ſhore. The path was ſo rough in ſeveral places that they were obliged to ſcramble up ſlant rocks covered with ſnow, and then, with a precipice to their right, to deſcend by ſliding down fifteen or twenty feet.

The ſignal for engaging had been given more than half an hour too ſoon; the General, however, preſſed on, ſeized and paſſed the firſt barrier, and accompanied by a few of his braveſt officers and men, marched boldly at the head of their detachment to attack the ſecond.

This barrier was ſtronger than the firſt, and defended by a battery of three-pounders loaded with grape. Montgomery preſſed forward at double quick to carry the battery. As he appeared on a little riſing in the ground, at a diſtance of fifty yards or leſs from the mouths of the cannon, Barnsfare diſcharged them with deadly aim.

Montgomery, his aid Macpherſon, Cheeſman, and ten others, inſtantly fell dead—Montgomery from three wounds. With him the ſoul of the expedition fled. The command devolved upon Donald Campbell, who immediately retired without any further effort, and without loſs.

Thus fell Richard Montgomery. The excellency of his qualities and diſpoſition had procured him an uncommon ſhare of private affection, as his abilities had of public eſteem; and there was probably no man engaged on the ſame ſide, and few on either, whoſe loſs would have been ſo much regretted in America and England.

At the news of his death, every perſon ſeemed to have loſt his neareſt relative or friend. Congreſs proclaimed for him "their grateful remembrance, profound reſpect, and high veneration; and deſiring to tranſmit to future ages a truly worthy example of patriotic conduct, boldneſs of enterpriſe, inſuperable perſeverance, and contempt of danger and death," they reared a marble monument "to the glory of Richard Montgomery." The moſt powerful ſpeakers in the Britiſh Parliament diſplayed their eloquence in praiſing his

virtues and lamenting his fate. A great orator and veteran fellow ſoldier of his in the late war, ſhed abundance of tears, whilſt he expatiated on their faſt friendſhip and participation of ſervice in that ſeaſon of enterpriſe and glory.

In 1818 his remains were diſinterred and conveyed to New York, and depoſited in St. Paul's Church, near the monument erected to his memory. His widow ſurvived him more than half a century.

(2.) JANE MCCREA was murdered on the 27th June, 1777, by a party of Indians attached to Gen. Burgoyne's army. She was ſeized in the houſe of a Mrs. McNiel, about 80 rods north of Fort Edward. The Indians placed her upon a horſe, which ſeems to have been provided for the occaſion, and aſcended the hill near the Fort. All their motions were intently watched from the Fort, and at this point the diſcharge of ſome rifles was heard, and Jane was ſeen to fall from her horſe. The operation of the tomahawk and ſcalping knife was quickly performed, and the body ſoon dragged forward out of ſight of the Fort. This ſcene was enacted about mid-day, and the next morning the body of Jane was recovered and buried in a rude and haſty grave.

At the time of her death ſhe was about twenty-three years of age, of middling ſtature, finely formed, dark hair, and uncommonly beautiful.

(3.) WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, fifth child of Philip and Catharine Livingſton, was born in Albany, in the province of New York, in November, 1723, and was entered a Freſhman in Yale College in 1737. In 1741 he graduated at the head of his claſs, immediately after which he left New Haven for New York to commence the ſtudy of the law.

On the 14th October, 1748, he received a licenſe to practice ſigned by Governor George Clinton.

In 1752, with Wm. Smith, Jr., he publiſhed the firſt digeſt of the Colony Laws. In 1754, with his brother Philip and his brother-in-law William Alexander, afterwards Lord Stirling, he laid the foundation of a City Library, the ſame that now bears the name of the Society Library of New York. In 1759 he was elected to the Aſſembly of New York, and in 1772 removed to

Elizabethtown, in New Jerſey. He was elected to Congreſs in 1774, and again in 1775, was recalled in June, 1776, and early in June of that year took command of the Militia, at Elizabethtown, as Brigadier-General.

After the depoſition of William Franklin (ſon of Benjamin Franklin), he was elected Governor of New Jerſey, and remained in office until the cloſe of his life.

He died in Elizabethtown, July 25, 1790, and was interred there, and in courſe of the following winter his remains, together with thoſe of his wife, were removed to the vault of his ſon Brockholſt, in New York.

(4.) Israel Putnam was born in Salem, Maſs., on the 7th of January, 1718, and grew to manhood with a frame inured to hardſhip and toil, but with a mind uncultivated, though vigorous. At the age of twenty-one he commenced farming, at Pomfret, Conn., where he "purſued the even tenor of his way," undiſtinguiſhed by any noticeable event (except the encounter with the "ſhe wolf," which, in the courſe of years, has been ſo groſsly exaggerated by his biographers, as to place it almoſt among the fabulous events of hiſtory), until 1755, when he engaged in the French and Indian War, as captain of a company in Col. Lyman's Regiment of Provincials. During the campaign under Gen. Johnſon at Lake George and vicinity, he performed various ſcouting ſervice, with little ſucceſs or credit to himſelf. It was during this campaign that ſeveral of the ſtirring adventures occurred upon which his wonderful reputation for bravery has been mainly erected—ſuch as that of his blanket having been perforated by *fourteen* bullets, while he was giving "leg bail" to a party of Indians who had ſurpriſed him, etc. But the one adventure, which is beſt authenticated, is the fact of his having been captured (through his own careleſſneſs and imprudence) by the Indians, who would have ſucceeded in roaſting him at the ſtake, had it not been for the interference of a French officer; and being finally taken to Montreal, he was exchanged through the kind intereſt of Col. Peter Schuyler, who was his fellow priſoner. After the cloſe of this war, Putnam returned to Pomfret, where he exerciſed the double vocation of farmer and tavern-keeper. When, however, "the news from Lexington" reached Pomfret, Lieut.-Colonel Putnam (he had received a militia commiſſion in October, 1774) was ploughing; it

is said, that he immediately left his oxen in the furrow, mounted his horſe, and rode off to Cambridge, and with equal promptneſs many other New England farmers ſprang to arms upon that eventful day. He was ſoon made Colonel of the Third Regiment of Connecticut ſoldiers, with the rank of Second Brigadier of the Provincial Troops. In the affair of Noddle's Iſland, (May 27, 1775,) Putnam ſeems to have gained more credit than the facts of hiſtory warrant, and through the influence thus acquired, received the appointment (in June, 1775) of Major-General in the Continental Army, much to the chagrin of Waſhington, and other prominent Maſſachuſetts and Connecticut officers. At the battle of Bunker Hill he was preſent; but, although his biographers have made this the culminating point of their glorification of him, the calm, impaſſioned ſearchings of hiſtory fail to award him the credit of doing anything more, on that eventful day, than keeping well out of the way of harm. He afterwards took the command of New York, until ſuperſeded by Waſhington's perſonal preſence in that city, which placed him virtually without command. Unfortunately, however, the illneſs of Gen. Greene induced Waſhington to allow Putnam to take his command in the ſuperintendence of the defences which were then in courſe of erection upon Long Iſland. But Putnam had neither the ſubordination to obey the orders with whoſe execution he was intruſted, the ſkill to carry out the propoſed plans of defence, or the ordinary common ſenſe which he might reaſonably have been expected to diſplay in the face of an approaching enemy, for he neglected his inſtructions, undid, in part, what his able predeceſſor had done, and ſo careleſsly defended the moſt important avenue of approach, that he was eaſily flanked, the whole army ſoundly whipped, and New York loſt to the patriot cauſe. After the retreat into Weſtcheſter, he was ordered to Philadelphia, where, and at Princeton, he remained until the ſpring of 1777. Then he was ordered to the command of the Hudſon Highlands, where his ignorance or habitual careleſſneſs led him—again in direct violation of Waſhington's orders—to repeat the very blunders which he had committed on Long Iſland, and which enabled Sir Henry Clinton, by the capture of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, to ſieze the key-poſition of the Highlands. In November, 1777, Col. Hamilton was ſent by Waſhington with ſpecial orders to Gen. Putnam, to ſend ſeveral brigades in his command to the army then in

Pennſylvania. Gen. Putnam, however, was juſt then too intent on a plan of his own for capturing New York, to obey the orders of his chief, and only complied on the receipt of a ſcathing and determined letter from Waſhington himſelf. His delay in complying with orders cauſed the fall of Fort Mifflin, the loſs of Red Bank, and the defences on the Delaware, and the continued occupation during the enſuing winter of Philadelphia by the Britiſh. The official inveſtigation by Congreſs, of the cauſes of the fall of the forts in the Highlands, reſulted in the ſuperſedure of Putnam by Gen. McDougal, and he was afterwards ſent to Connecticut to ſuperintend the forwarding of new levies. During this term of ſervice occurred another of the General's ſeries of remarkable eſcapes, in which, being purſued by Britiſh troopers, the "well-trained and ſagacious" horſe which he rode, ſlid down the hill at Horſe Neck, (now Greenwich,) bearing his maſter ſafely out of reach of the foe—an exploit, for which the horſe has always got leſs, and the General more praiſe than they ſeverally deſerved—and which has furniſhed a favorite theme for ſchool hiſtories and artiſtical abortions. The command at Weſt Point was the laſt which Putnam held. In 1779, an attack of paralyſis rendered him incapable of any active ſervice, and the remainder of his days were ſpent in quiet retirement, in Brooklyn, Conn., where he died May 29, 1790, at the age of 72 years. Putnam was a well-meaning man, of no great mental abilities, yet with a great deal of obſtinacy and ſelf-ſufficiency in his compoſition. He was rough, hearty and pleaſant in his intercourſe with his ſoldiers and others, but was not a good diſciplinarian. He was, in fact, a man whom adventitious circumſtances, and a bogus reputation, had placed into a poſition which he lacked the education or the ability to maintain with honor to himſelf or benefit to the cauſe. That this was the opinion of Waſhington is ſufficiently evident from the correſpondence of that period, as well as from the fact that, after the battle of Bunker Hill, he was kept, as far as poſſible, in ſuch ſubordinate commands as ſeemed beſt ſuited to his very ordinary abilities. Even there, however, his blunders reſulted in ſerious diſaſters to the Ameriean arms; and happy it would have been for him if his fellow citizens of Connecticut, and his biographers, had not ſo laviſhly extolled his ordinary and homely qualities which he poſſeſſed, and ſo magnificently embelliſhed the adventures of his earlier life.

(5.) Thomas Mifflin was born about the year 1744; his parents were Quakers, and his education was entruſted to the care of Dr. Smith, with whom he was connected in habits of cordial intimacy and friendſhip for more than forty years.

He engaged early in oppoſition to the meaſures of the Britiſh Parliament, and was a member of the firſt Congreſs in 1774.

He took up arms, and was among the firſt officers commiſſioned in the organization of the Continental Army, being appointed Quartermaſter-General in Auguſt 1775. In 1777 he was very uſeful in animating the militia; but he was alſo ſuſpected in this year of being unfriendly to Waſhington, and of wiſhing to have ſome other perſon in his place. In 1787 he was a member of the Convention which framed the Conſtitution of the United States. In 1778 he ſucceeded Benjamin Franklin as Preſident of the Supreme Council of Pennſylvania, and held that ſtation till October, 1790. In September a conſtitution for this State was formed by a convention, in which he was preſident, and he was choſen the firſt Governor.

In 1794 he was ſucceeded by Mr. McKean, and at the cloſe of 1799 died in Lancaſter, Pennſylvania.

(6.) General Henry Knox was born in Boſton on the 25th of July, 1750. Before the American Revolution broke out he diſcovered an uncommon zeal in the cauſe of liberty. Being placed at the head of an independent company in Boſton he exhibited in this ſtation a ſkill in diſcipline which preſaged his future eminence. At the unanimous requeſt of all the officers of artillery he was entruſted with the command in that department. In 1776 it was determined to increaſe the corps of artillery to three regiments, the command of which was given to Knox, who was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was actively engaged during the whole conteſt, and after the capture of Cornwallis in 1781 he received the commiſſion of Major-General, having diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ſiege at the head of the artillery. In 1785 he became Secretary-at-War, and continued to fill the department till the cloſe of 1794, when he reſigned it, the natural and powerful claims of a numerous family no longer permitting him to neglect their eſſential intereſts. During the laſt years of his life he

reſided in Thomaſton, in the State of Maine. He failed in 1798, and it is ſaid for a very large amount, and that General Lincoln and Colonel Jackſon were ſufferers by his failure. His death, which took place Oct. 25, 1806, was occaſioned by his ſwallowing the bone of a chicken. He was diſtinguiſhed for his military talents, and poſſeſſed, in an uncommon degree, the eſteem and confidence of Waſhington.

(7.) Sir William Howe, brother of Richard, Earl Howe, was born Auguſt 10, 1729; he commanded the light infantry, under Wolfe, in the battle on the Heights of Abraham in 1759. He landed in Boſton in May, 1775, as ſucceſſor to General Gage, and continued there until March, 1776, having aſſured the Miniſtry that he was not under the leaſt apprehenſion of any attack from the Rebels. The King expected that after wintering in Boſton he would, in May, or in the firſt week in June, ſail for New York.

General Waſhington, however, on the night of March 4, 1776, took poſſeſſion of, and fortified Dorcheſter Heights, and on the morning of the 5th, the Britiſh beheld, with aſtoniſhment and diſmay, the forts which had ſprung up in a night, and Howe found himſelf ſurpaſſed in military ſkill by officers whom he pretended to deſpiſe. A council of war was called, and it was determined to attack the Americans; 2,400 men were detailed and placed under command of Lord Percy to make the attack. A violent ſtorm came up from the South, two or three veſſels were driven aſhore; the rain fell in torrents on the 6th. The movement againſt the Americans was further delayed till it became evident that the attempt muſt end in the ruin of the Britiſh army. Howe called a ſecond council of war, and the inſtant evacuation of the town was adviſed.

On the 15th General Waſhington gained poſſeſſion of Nook Hill, and with it the power of opening the highway from Roxbury to Boſton.

The Britiſh retreated precipitately, and the army, about 8,000 in number, and more than 1,100 refugees, began their embarkation at four in the morning, and in leſs than ſix hours they were all aboard 120 tranſports.

Howe was among the laſt to leave the town, and took paſſage with the Admiral in the Chatham; before ten they were under way.

Howe retired to Halifax; left there in June, then took poſſeſſion of

Staten Iſland, where he was joined by Lord Howe. On the 27th Auguſt, 1776, he defeated the Americans on Long Iſland, and on the 13th of September, 1776, took poſſeſſion of the City of New York and was one of the commiſſioners to offer peace. In July, 1777, he ſailed for the Cheſapeake, entered Philadelphia on the 27th of September, and on the 4th of October, in the ſame year, defeated the Americans at Germantown. In May, 1778, he was ſucceeded by Sir Henry Clinton, and ſoon afterwards returned to England. He died July 12, 1814.

(8.) Major Montressor was General Gage's chief engineer in Boſton, and alſo ſerved at the Siege of Charleſton.

(9.) Hugh, Earl Percy (ſon of Hugh Smithſon, Earl of Percy and Duke of Northumberland), was born in the pariſh of St. George, Hanover Square, Auguſt 14, 1742, and came to America as Colonel of the Fifth Regiment of Foot, arriving at Boſton on the 4th of July, 1774. He ſerved under Sir William Howe during the Siege of Boſton; bore a conſpicuous part in the battle of Long Iſland, Auguſt 27, 1776, and in the attack on Fort Waſhington in November of the ſame year.

On the 5th May, 1777, he ſailed for England, and on the 20th November, ſame year, took his ſeat in the Houſe of Lords—being at the time a lieutenant-general in the army. He died in London on the 10th of July, 1817, aged 94 years.

(9.*) Colonel Small was a diſtinguiſhed Britiſh officer, and his conduct in America was always equally diſtinguiſhed by acts of humanity and kindneſs to his enemies, as by bravery and fidelity to the cauſe he ſerved. He was preſent at the battle of Bunker Hill; had been intimately acquainted with General Warren; ſaw him fall, and flew to ſave him. In Colonel Trumbull's celebrated picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill, Small is repreſented ſeizing the muſket of the grenadier to prevent the fatal blow, and ſpeaking to his friend.

Garden, in his "Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War," ſays: "Paying a viſit to our ambaſſador, Major Thomas Pinckney, ſhortly after his eſtabliſhment in London, it was my good fortune to meet with Colonel Small, who,

in courſe of converſation, said, 'I have been ſitting this morning to Colonel Trumbull for my portrait, he having done me the honor to place me in a very conſpicuous ſituation in his admirable repreſentation of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. But his politeneſs far exceeds my claim to merit. He has exhibited me as turning aſide the bayonet aimed by a grenadier at the breaſt of General Warren. I would certainly have ſaved his life had it been in my power to do ſo, but when I reached the ſpot on which his body lay the ſpark of life was already extinguiſhed. It would have been a tribute due to his virtues and to his gallantry, and to me a ſacred duty, ſince I am well apprized that, when at a particular period of the action I was left alone, and expoſed to the fire of the whole American line, my old friend Putnam ſaved my life by calling aloud, 'Kill as many as you can, but ſpare Small;' and that he actually turned aſide muſkets that were aimed for my deſtruction.'"

(10.) Charles, Earl Cornwallis.—The family of Cornwallys or Cornwaleys, (for the name appears to have been ſpelt either way,) was of ſome importance in Ireland in early times, and in 1561 Iriſh deeds of the family were in exiſtence in the county of Suffolk, dated in the reign of Edward III. A younger ſon, Thomas, was ſheriff of the City of London in 1378.

Charles, fifth Lord, was Chief Juſtice in Eyre, ſouth of Trent, and afterwards Conſtable of the Tower. He married in 1722 Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, ſecond Viſcount Townſhend, brother-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole. He was made Earl Cornwallis and Viſcount Brome, June 30, 1753; and died June 23, 1762, having had four ſons and five daughters, of whom three ſons and three daughters ſurvived him.

His ſixth child, but eldeſt ſon, Viſcount Brome (afterwards Lord Cornwallis), and the ſubject of this note, was born in Groſvenor Square, December 31, 1738. Lord Brome went at an early age to Eton. The exact year has not been aſcertained, but in an old Eton ſchool liſt, of Auguſt 26, 1754, his name ſtands fourth among the ſixth form Oppidans.

During his Eton career, he received, while playing at hockey, a blow on the eye, which produced a ſlight, but permanent, obliquity of viſion. The boy who accidentally cauſed this injury was Shute Barrington, afterwards the highly eſteemed Biſhop of Durham.

Before he attained the age of eighteen years, Lord Brome had choſen the army as his profeſſion—in 1758 he became aid-de-camp to Lord Granby, in 1759 captain in 85th foot, and in 1775 major-general.

He was oppoſed to the ſcheme of taxing the American Colonies, and uniformly voted againſt it, notwithſtanding the offices he held. He was alſo preſent on almoſt every other queſtion connected with America, ſuch as the Maſſachuſetts bill, the Boſton Port bill, &c.; againſt theſe he probably divided, but as no liſts have been preſerved, individual votes cannot be poſitively aſcertained.

When the war with America broke out, Lord Cornwallis was ordered to America, to take command of one diviſion of the Britiſh Army, and notwithſtanding his opinion of the injuſtice of that war, he conſidered that as a military man, he could not decline any employment offered to him. He embarked Feb. 10, 1776, for America, with the local rank of major-general.

His wife, who is ſaid to have been a beautiful woman, was ſtrongly adverſe to his going on active ſervice, and obtained leave from the king for him to relinquiſh his appointment—he peremptorily refuſed to avail himſelf of the permiſſion. He returned to England in January, 1778, but ſailed again from St. Helens, in the Trident, on the 21ſt of April following. Lady Cornwallis became very dangerouſly ſick, and Lord Cornwallis threw up his command and again returned to England. Lady Cornwallis died Feb. 14, 1779, and Lord Cornwallis again offered his ſervices, which being accepted, he returned to America. Lord Cornwallis ſerved actively and with diſtinction under Generals Howe and Clinton, in the campaign of 1776–9, in New York and the Southern States, and in 1780 was left in command of South Carolina. In the Spring of 1781 he invaded Virginia, where he obtained no decided ſucceſs. Having received orders from Sir Henry Clinton to embark part of his force for New York, he moved to Portſmouth, but there received freſh inſtructions, under which he was ordered to Williamſburgh, and directed to make Point Comfort his place of arms. Finding Point Comfort ill-ſuited for his purpoſe, he removed to Yorktown, and there intrenched himſelf. He was there beſieged by the French and American forces, aſſiſted by the French fleet under De Graſſe, and finally, after an obſtinate defence, was, on the 19th of October, 1781, forced to ſurrender himſelf and his troops as priſoners of war.

His capture was a death-blow to the Britiſh cauſe. Cornwallis eſcaped cenſure, owing perhaps to his favor with the King.

In 1786, he was made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bengal, returned to England in 1793, was received with diſtinguiſhed honors, and in 1798 was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which poſt he held until 1801.

Towards the cloſe of that year he was ſent as ambaſſador to France, where he negotiated the Peace of Amiens.

In 1805 he was again appointed Governor-General of India, and though advancing age and impaired health might well have excuſed him, he would not refuſe the appointment, but embarked early in the year. Very ſhortly after his arrival in India, he ſet out for the Upper Provinces, where his preſence was greatly needed, but he was unable to proceed further than Ghazipoor, where he died Oct. 5, 1805, in the 67th year of his age. During many years of active ſervice in the field, he was ſtruck but once, and he would not then allow his name to appear in the liſt of wounded. His character as a ſoldier and ſtateſman was highly reſpectable, but he was more diſtinguiſhed by diligence, humanity and integrity than by the higher mental powers.

(11.) The Battle of Brooklyn, fought on the 27th of Auguſt, 1776, forms an important landmark in the hiſtory of our Revolutionary ſtruggle. After the evacuation of Boſton by the Britiſh, in March 1776, Gen. Waſhington took immediate meaſures to anticipate what he ſhrewdly ſuſpected would be their next attempt, viz., the occupation of the City of New York. Gen. Lee was therefore ſent to that city with a large number of Connecticut troops—fortifications were ſpeedily in progreſs, the paſſages to the city by North and Eaſt Rivers were properly defended by entrenchments, chains, ſunken veſſels, &c., while acroſs the weſtern end of Long Iſland was thrown a ſtrong line of entrenched works, extending from the Wallabout to Gowanus Creek. In addition to theſe defences, Gen. Greene, who, with the aſſiſtance of Gen. Sullivan had ſuperintended the erection of theſe works, had faithfully guarded the paſſes which led to Brooklyn through the ſurrounding hills, while near the Bedford, Flatbuſh and Yellow Hook defiles, breaſtworks had been thrown up, and mounted patrols eſtabliſhed upon the roads. Unfortunately, at the critical moment Gen. Greene was taken ſick, and Gen. Putnam

was ſent over to take command, and one of his firſt acts—in violation of the expreſs orders of Waſhington—was to withdraw the mounted patrols. On the 22d of Auguſt, the Britiſh army croſſed over from Staten Iſland, and landing in Graveſend Bay, ſpread its line along the eaſtern baſe of the hills to Flatbuſh, in which ſituation it remained for ſeveral days, content with ſimply occupying the attention of the Americans, and indulging in occaſional deſultory ſkirmiſhes with their patrols. But, on the 26th, one column, under Lieut.-Gen. De Heiſter, moved to Flatbuſh, and the ſame evening Gen. Cornwallis advanced his diviſion to Flatlands, while at a ſtill later hour Sir Henry Clinton, with the right of the army, in conjunction with Cornwallis' diviſion, moved towards the Bedford paſs, to turn the left of the American lines on the heights between Bedford and Flatbuſh. While this flank movement was being executed, Gen. Grant, in command of the Britiſh left wing, moved up the weſtern road from the Narrows to Brooklyn; and about midnight, falling in with the American pickets, was ſoon (by Putnam's order) confronted by Lord Stirling with 1,500 men, whom he continued to preſs ſlowly back—merely, however, as a feint to diſtract attention from Clinton's movement on the American left. About 2 A. M. of the 27th, Clinton having approached the Bedford paſs, and finding, to his ſurpriſe, that it was unoccupied, promptly ſeized it—and having thus gained the poſition of the impending conteſt without a ſtruggle, coolly ſat down to reſt and feed his troops. De Heiſter, who had been left at Flatbuſh, commenced about day-break to blind the American commander by a briſk cannonade—until hearing the concerted ſignal-guns of Clinton, announcing that the Bedford paſs was ſecured—he immediately preſſed his diviſion forward upon Sullivan's lines, and after a deſperate and ſanguinary ſtruggle, captured him and routed his command. Clinton meanwhile, after breakfaſt, moved forward to Bedford, and then detaching Cornwallis to co-operate with Grant in his movements on the Bay road, himſelf puſhed on towards the Flatbuſh road where Sullivan and De Heiſter were contending. Meanwhile Stirling—ſtubbornly reſiſting the advance of Grant—found himſelf ſuddenly attacked in rear by Cornwallis, and at the ſame moment vigorouſly puſhed by Grant in front. He made good fight, however, and ſo well that Cornwallis was about to retire, when De Heiſter, freſh from Sullivan's defeat, came to the reſcue, and to him Stirling was obliged to

ſurrender. This battle, or rather this ſeries of ſkirmiſhes, was thus concluded in favor of the Britiſh arms; and the victorious army encamped in front of the American works in the evening, preparatory to attacking them by regular approaches, and with the aid of the fleet. The American army engaged in this battle numbered about 5,000, while that of the Britiſh was at leaſt three times larger. The Britiſh loſs was comparatively trifling, and that of the Americans, in killed, wounded and priſoners, is eſtimated at from 1,100 to 1,200; moſtly, however, in priſoners. The reſult is attributable mainly to the great extent of the American lines, to the garriſoning of which the force of the American army was manifeſtly inſufficient; but moſt of all to the fatal ſtupidity and want of ordinary military ſkill evinced by Gen. Putnam in the guarding and protection of the ſeveral paſſes of approach to Brooklyn.

(12.) The Heſſians were German ſoldiers, hired by Great Britain in the early part of the year 1776, of their maſters, the petty German princes, at ſo much per man. The Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel furniſhed 12,104; the Duke of Brunſwick, 4,084; the Prince of Heſſe, 668; and the Prince of Waldeck, 670; being a total of 17,526 men, including officers. These princes received thirty-ſix dollars apiece for their men, to which was added a conſiderable ſubſidy—coſting Great Britain in all the handſome ſum of $775,000. The greater portion of theſe mercenaries, as will be ſeen, were furniſhed from Heſſe, from which was derived the name of Heſſian, applied indiſcriminately to all the German auxiliaries employed by Great Britain during the Revolutionary War. They arrived in America juſt before the Battle of Long Iſland, and were received with open arms by the Britiſh troops, men and officers vieing with each other in their attentions to their new allies. In the Battle of Long Iſland they took a moſt important part, and after that ſtruggle, during the ſeven years' Britiſh occupation of Long Iſland, the permanent garriſons at Brooklyn and other Kings County towns were compoſed of theſe Heſſians. Many of them were captured at Trenton, in 1776, and their officers paroled. A large body of the Heſſians was captured with Gen. Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, marched as priſoners of war to Cambridge, where they were treated with kindneſs by the inhabitants, and were finally quartered in the quiet town

of Eaſt now South Windſor, ſix miles above Hartford, on the Connecticut River, at which place they remained for a long time. Some of the Heſſians were alſo engaged at the battles of Bennington, and the attacks on Forts Mercer and Mifflin in 1777, and the affair at Guilford in 1781.

The Heſſian uniform, as deſcribed by Dunlap, was as follows: "A towering brass-fronted cap; mouſtaches colored with the ſame material that colored his ſhoes, his hair plaſtered with tallow and flour, and tightly drawn into a long appendage reaching from the back of the head to his waiſt; his blue uniform almoſt covered by the broad belts ſuſtaining his cartouch box, his braſs-hilted ſword, and bayonet; a yellow waiſtcoat with flaps, and yellow breeches were met at the knee by black gaiters; and thus heavily equipped, he ſtood an automaton, and received the command or cane of the officer who inſpected him."

Theſe men came here to fight againſt our fathers under the influence of that kind of unqueſtioning loyalty to their chiefs which led them to make their prince's foreign quarrel their own domeſtic concern, and his ſhrewd policy their own plain intereſt. It is true that our anceſtors—and their deſcendants, have, with an excuſable warmth of feeling, attributed the meaneſt mercenary motives and the moſt ſavage cruelty to theſe foreign auxiliaries of their Britiſh foe. Yet the "blinde Heſs," even now not famed for inſight, as this his ſtanding title ſhows, muſt then have thought it the height of ſentimental abſurdity that his fidelity to the ſovereign who, in profound king-craft, had by ſolemn treaty ſold him to Great Britain, ſhould be imputed to him as the baſeneſs of a hireling. With no innate perceptions of the advantages of ſelf-government and democratic principles, it cannot be a matter of ſurpriſe to us that he felt no ſympathy with a people who were already enjoying more freedom than he had ever ſeen enjoyed by any people or nation in Europe, and who were ſtruggling for ſtill greater privileges, of which he could not underſtand the neceſſity. Much of the harſhneſs of his conduct muſt be viewed from this ſtandpoint of previous training and circumſtances, and from the difference of language, education, &c., naturally exiſting between a European and an American ſoldier.

(13.) John Coghlan was the ſon of a London merchant of great wealth,

and in youth his proſpects were without a ſingle cloud. He entered the Navy and ſailed round the world with the celebrated Captain Cook. Diſliking the ſea, his thoughts turned ſucceſſively to the Bar and Church, but finally he procured a commiſſion in the Army. He ſerved ſeveral campaigns in America, and on the 28th of February, 1777, was married to Miſs Margaret Moncrieffe by the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, Rector of Trinity Church. This connection, as he averred, proved as miſerable to him as it did to her. After the peaee of 1783, he ſerved in the Ruſſian Army, but domeſtic diſappointment preyed upon his mind, and he became diſſipated.

He returned to England, and his extravagance involved him in ruin.

Finally, utterly wretched and an outcaſt, he became an inmate of St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital, where he died in 1807, in his fifty-fourth year, and in the moſt abject and pitiable condition.

His relatives in England and Wales were very reſpectable, and his body was retained in the dead-house eight days, in the hope that he would be claimed and decently interred. The charity of a ſtranger furniſhed a covering for his remains, and they were depoſited in the burial-ground of the hoſpital.

It is ſaid that Captain Coghlan was among the handſomeſt men of his time, that he was ſocial and convivial, and in his charities, when in poſſeſſion of money, liberal to a fault.

(14.) Sir William Tryon was appointed Governor of the Colony of New York in 1771. The Province Houſe which he occupied was burned by the careleſſneſs of ſervants, and his wife and daughter narrowly eſcaped death. The Colony voted him five thouſand pounds, and the Britiſh Government added a liberal ſum for his loſſes. The ſpirit of the man while at the head of affairs in New York, may be fully illuſtrated by a ſingle circumstance: "I ſhould," ſaid he in 1777, "were I in authority, burn down every Committee-man's houſe within my reach, as I deem thoſe agents the wicked inſtruments of the continued calamities of this country; and in order ſooner to purge the country of them I am willing to give twenty-five dollars for every acting Committee-man who ſhall be delivered up to the King's troops." His property, both in North Carolina and New York, was confiſcated. In 1780, he was ſucceeded by General Robertſon, a general in the Army, who was the laſt

Royal Governor of New York. Tryon died in London in 1788, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

(15.) Samuel Auchmuty, D. D., was the ſon of Robert Auchmuty, an eminent lawyer and Judge of Admiralty in Maſſachuſetts. He graduated at Harvard Univerſity in 1742, and received his Doctorate of Divinity from Oxford. In 1754 he was employed by the Society for the Propagation of the Goſpel in Foreign Parts as catechiſt to the negroes in New York. On the 28th of Auguſt, 1764, he ſucceeded the Rev. Dr. Henry Barclay as Rector of Trinity Church. Upon the departure of General Howe from Boſton to Halifax, and the taking poſſeſſion of New York by the Revolutionary Army, moſt of the inhabitants removed into the country. Dr. Auchmuty being much indiſpoſed through the ſpring and ſummer, retired with his family to Brunswick in New Jersey. During his abſence, Trinity Church and the Rector's houſe, with nearly one thouſand other buildings, were deſtroyed by fire, and Dr. Auchmuty's loſs amounted to over £2,500 ſterling. He died in 1777, having been in the miniſtry over thirty years. His ſermons before the breaking out of the war were ſtrongly denunciatory of the Sons of Liberty, as the aſſociated patriots were called, the moſt prominent of whom in New York was Iſaac Sears (commonly known as King Sears), who was a member of his Church, and at the cloſe of the war a veſtryman.

In April, 1775, Doctor Auchmuty wrote from New York to Captain Montreſſor: "We have lately been plagued with a raſcally Whig mob here, but they have effected nothing, only Sears the King was reſcued at the jail door. Our magiſtrates have not the ſpirit of a louſe."

(16.) Thomas Gage was the firſt military and the laſt Royal Governor of Maſſachuſetts. In 1770 he was a Lieutenant-General, and reſided in New York, in a large houſe ſurrounded with elegant gardens on the ſite now occupied by the ſtores ſixty-ſeven and ſixty-nine Broad street. In 1774 he removed to Boſton, and arrived there on the 13th of May, not many days after the intelligence was received of the act ſhutting up its harbor, and whilſt the inhabitants aſſembled at a town meeting were yet deliberating on the melancholy proſpect before them. Notwithſtanding the deep and ſolemn gloom of

the moment, he was received with the external marks of decent reſpect which had been uſual and which were ſuppoſed to belong to his ſtation. Soon after Gage's arrival, two regiments of foot, with a ſmall detachment of artillery and ſome cannon, were landed at Boſton, and encamped on the Common; and they had been gradually reinforced by ſeveral regiments from Ireland, New York, Halifax and Quebec. The arrival and ſtation of theſe troops excited the jealouſy of the inhabitants of Boſton and of the circumjacent counties. Their jealouſy was increaſed by the ſtationing of a Britiſh guard on Boſton Neck, and perſeverance in repairing and manning the fortifications at the entrance of the town. On the firſt of September, Gage ſent two companies and took poſſeſſion of the powder in the arſenal at Charleſtown. What was lodged in the magazine in Boſton was alſo withholden from the legal proprietors. Detachments were alſo ſent out to take poſſeſſion of the ſtores in Salem and Concord; and the battle of Lexington became the ſignal of war. In May 1775, the Provincial Congreſs declared "that Gen. Gage has, by the late tranſactions and many other means, utterly diſqualified himſelf from ſerving this Colony as a Governor, or in any other capacity, and that therefore no obedience is in future due to him; but that, on the contrary, he ought to be conſidered and guarded againſt as an unnatural and inveterate enemy to the country." From this time the exerciſe of his functions was confined to Boſton. In June he iſſued a proclamation offering pardon to all the rebels excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and ordered the uſe of the martial law. But the battle of Bunker Hill a few days afterwards proved to him that he had miſtaken the character of the Americans.

In October he embarked for England, was ſucceeded in the command by Sir William Howe, and died in April 1787.

(17.) Mrs. Gage, the wife of Thomas Gage above mentioned, was the daughter of Peter Kemble, Preſident of the Council of New Jerſey. She died in England in 1824, in the 91ſt year of her age.

(18.) Major Moncrieffe, the father of Mrs. Coghlan, was the uncle of General Richard Montgomery, and the brother-in-law of Mr. Jay and Governor Livingſton, and when the American Revolution broke out, it was ſuppoſed that he would eſpouſe the cauſe of the Americans. He adhered to the Crown.

In 1778 he reſided at Flatbuſh on Long Iſland, and was captured by William Marriner, of Brunſwick, and carried to New Jerſey and delivered up to General Waſhington. He was afterwards exchanged, and in the war at the South performed moſt valuable ſervices to the Royal cauſe. In the ſaving of Savannah the Britiſh forces owed much to his ſkill and ability, and were unanimous in their acknowledgments of his ſervices, while the French officers declared that his works and batteries ſprung up every night like champignons. General Prevoſt, in an official diſpatch, thus wrote: "I would mention Captain Moncrieffe, commanding engineer, but ſincerely ſenſible that all I can expreſs will fall greatly ſhort of what that gentleman deſerves, not only on this but on all other occaſions, I ſhall only, in the moſt earneſt manner, requeſt your Lordſhip taking him into your protection and patronage, to recommend him to his Majeſty as an officer of long ſervice and moſt ſingular merit, aſſuring you, my Lord, from my own poſitive knowledge, that there is not one officer or ſoldier in this little army, capable of reflecting or judging, who will not regard as perſonal to himſelf any mark of Royal favour graciouſly conferred through your Lordſhip upon Captain Moncrieffe."

Moncrieffe planned the works at Charleſton in the ſiege of 1780, and no language can expreſs more forcibly than that of the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Henry Clinton) the ſenſe which he entertained of his very extraordinary merit. Theſe are his words: "But to Major Moncrieffe the commanding engineer, who planned, and with the aſſiſtance of ſuch capable officers under him, conducted the ſiege with ſo much judgment, intrepidity and laborious attention, I wiſh to render a tribute of the very higheſt applauſe and moſt permanent gratitude; perſuaded that far more flattering commendations than I can beſtow will not fail to crown ſuch rare merit." Major Moncrieffe was not more happy in the poſſeſſion of ſuperior talents than fortunate in occaſions to diſplay them. The ſucceſſive ſieges of Savannah and Charleston furniſhed him with opportunities of exemplifying his ſkill in the two principal branches of his profeſſion—the art of defence and that of attack. In both, his maſterly deſigns were crowned with ſucceſs; nor is it eaſy to determine in which of theſe, his great attainments in his profeſſion, ſhone with brighteſt luſtre.

But at the evacuation of Charleſton he ſeems to have been guilty of an act

which greatly tarniſhed his military reputation. According to Ramſay, upwards of eight hundred ſlaves, who had been employed by Moncrieffe, as engineer, were ſhipped off to the Weſt Indies, as was ſaid and believed, by his direction, and for his perſonal benefit. The unqualified teſtimonials which he received from General Prevoſt and Sir Henry Clinton were not without reſults, ſince he received a very generous donation from his Royal Maſter, and on the 27th of September, 1780, was commiſſioned Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mrs. Coghlan ſays that her father died in the city of New York, on the tenth of December, 1791, but in the "New York Journal and Patriotic Regiſter," No. 2,619, of Wedneſday, Dec. 11, 1791, we find the following notice of his death and funeral:

"Thomas Moncrieffe, late Major in the Britiſh ſervice, died on Friday, December 6, 1791, ſuddenly, by the burſting of a blood veſſel, and on Sunday evening following his remains were interred in Trinity Church Yard, attended by a great number of reſpectable citizens."

As Mrs. Coghlan was in England at the time of her father's deceaſe, it is moſt likely that the account of his death and funeral in the paper above mentioned is the moſt reliable.

(19.) Lord Jefferey Amherst, ſon of Jefferey Amherſt of Riverhead, in Kent, was born January 29, 1717—received his enſign's commiſſion in 1731.

In 1758, was ſent to America as Major-General of the troops deſtined for the ſiege of Louisburg. He contributed materially to the reduction of Canada, received the thanks of the Houſe of Commons, and was made Knight of Bath, and ſoon after was appointed Commander-in-Chief in America.

He returned to England after the peace in 1763, where he received the Governorſhip of Virginia. A miſunderſtanding with the King (George III.) was the cauſe of his ſudden diſmiſſal from the Army, but in a few months he was reinſtated.

In 1776, he was created Baron Amherſt of Holmeſdale in the County of Kent. In 1787 he received a ſecond patent of nobility, with the title of Baron Amherſt of Montreal in Canada.

On the 22d January, 1793, he was again appointed to the command of the Army, and held it until ſucceeded by the Duke of York, Feb. 10, 1795.

Lord Amherſt died at his ſeat at Montreal, near Seven Oaks, Kent, on the 3d Aug., 1797, in the 81ſt year of his age.

(20.) Charles James Fox, the third ſon of Right Hon. Henry Fox, was born January 24, 1749.

In 1774, he oppoſed Lord North's Boſton Port Bill, the object of which was to deprive that harbour of its privileges, in conſequence of the oppoſition by the inhabitants of Boſton to the tea duty.

This was his firſt oppoſition to North, but he was afterwards unremitting in his oppoſition, and contended that the American Colonies ought not to be taxed without being repreſented.

On the 19th March, 1782, the Miniſtry reſigned—Fox was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and immediately ſet about negotiating for peace with America.

He died Sept. 13th, 1806, in his 58th year. Sir James Mackintoſh has ſaid of him as an orator, "that he poſſeſſed above all moderns that uniſon of reaſon, ſimplicity and vehemence which formed the prince of orators. He was "the moſt Demoſthenean ſpeaker ſince the days of Demoſthenes." His ſpeeches always diſplay in a pre-eminent degree a ſenſe of the importance of principles.

Fox's ſpeeches were collected and publiſhed in ſix volumes, with a ſhort biographical introduction by Lord Erſkine, in 1825.

(21.) Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin, in 1751. He was placed in a ſchool in Dublin when ſeven years old, and was regarded by his preceptor, Samuel Whyte, "as a moſt impenetrable dunce." In 1762 he was ſent to Harrow, where he remained until his 18th year, and during the time which he remained there was conſidered a ſhrewd, artful and ſupercilious boy, without any ſhining accompliſhments or ſuperior learning. Thence he went to Bath, became acquainted with Miſs Linley, a young and beautiful ſinger, and to ſave her from the perſecutions of a libertine named Mathews, he fled with her early in 1772 to France, and a marriage at a village in the neighborhood of Calais was the conſequence. The reſult was two duels with Mathews, growing out of the ſtudied inſults of the latter, in the laſt of which Sheridan was wounded.

In 1773 he entered the Middle Temple as a ſtudent of law, but was not called to the Bar.

On the 17th January, 1775, "The Rivals" was brought out in Covent Garden, and though it failed the firſt night, ſpeedily became the univerſal favorite it has ever ſince remained. It was followed the ſame year by the farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and the comic opera of "The Duenna." In 1776 he became one of the proprietors of Drury Lane. In the following year he brought out "The School for Scandal," which placed him at the head of comic dramatiſts. In 1799 he wrote a monody on the death of Garrick, and the farce of "The Critic." In 1780 he was elected a member of Parliament from Stafford. For thirty-two years he purſued a ſplendid parliamentary career. One of his greateſt efforts was his ſpeech as manager, upon the impeachment of Warren Haſtings. He was thrice in office, for ſhort periods, under the Rockingham Coalition and Whig adminiſtrations. His profuſe habits involved him deeply in debt; the deſtruction of Drury Lane Theatre by fire contributed to his ruin; his failure to obtain a ſeat in parliament deprived him of protection from arreſt; his perſon was more than once ſeized by the harpies of the law; and amidſt difficulties fears and ſorrows, this highly-gifted man ſunk to the grave on Sunday, the 7th of July, 1816. On the following Saturday the funeral took place, his remains having been removed to the houſe of his friend, Peter Moore, in Great George Street, Weſtminſter. From thence, at one o'clock, the proceſſion moved on foot to the Abbey, where, in the only ſpot in Poet's Corner that remained unoccupied, the body was interred, and the following ſimple inſcription marks its reſting place:

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

BORN, 1751,

DIED, 7TH JULY, 1816.

This Marble is the Tribute of an Attached Friend,

PETER MOORE.

(22.) COLONEL MONCRIEFFE was killed in the ſortie which the French Republicans made when hemmed up in Dunkirk by the Duke of York's army in 1793. The moſt authentic accounts of the time ſtate the manner of his exit to be as follows: The uniform of the Britiſh Engineers was ſo like

that of the Freneh Republican Army in 1793, that the officers to enable their own men to diſtinguiſh them wore a white handkerchief tied round their arm. Colonel Moncrieffe, who had neglected this precaution, though frequently reminded of it, was taken for a French Democrat by the Auſtrians, in whoſe hands he was found by Colonel St. Leger and ſeveral officers of the guards, wounded and ſtript. It is generally believed that his death was occaſioned by this miſtake, for it is not certain that he fell by the fire of the enemy.

(23.) Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erſkine, the youngeſt ſon of David Earl of Buchan, was born in 1748. He entered the Navy in 1764 as midſhipman, but not thinking his proſpects of promotion ſufficiently good he accepted a commiſſion in the Army.

In 1775 he commenced the ſtudy of the law, and in 1778 was called to the Bar. His practice and reputation increaſed ſo very rapidly that in 1783 he received a patent of precedence at the ſuggeſtion of Lord Mansfield who then preſided in the Court of King's Bench. In the ſame year he entered Parliament. In the Houſe of Commons his ſuccess was not great, though his ſpeeches would appear to have been far above mediocrity. In the ſame year alſo he was made Attorney-General, an appointment which, in 1794, he was called upon to reſign in conſequence of his refuſing to abandon the defence of Thomas Paine when he was proſecuted for his publication—"The Rights of Man." In 1802 he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and in 1806 Lord Chancellor, and raiſed to the Peerage by the title of Baron Erſkine of Riſtormel Caſtle in Cornwall. He remained in office but a ſhort time, and upon the diſſolution of the Miniſtry in 1807 retired from public life. In his later years he was harraſſed by pecuniary embarraſſments. His firſt wife died in 1805, and an ill-aſſorted ſecond marriage increaſed his domeſtic diſquietudes and injured his reputation. His later years were marked by eccentricities which ſeemed to indicate mental diſeaſe. He died November 17, 1823.

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